YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

8 BONUS PAGES

Extra Cartoons · Pin-Ups
Short Story

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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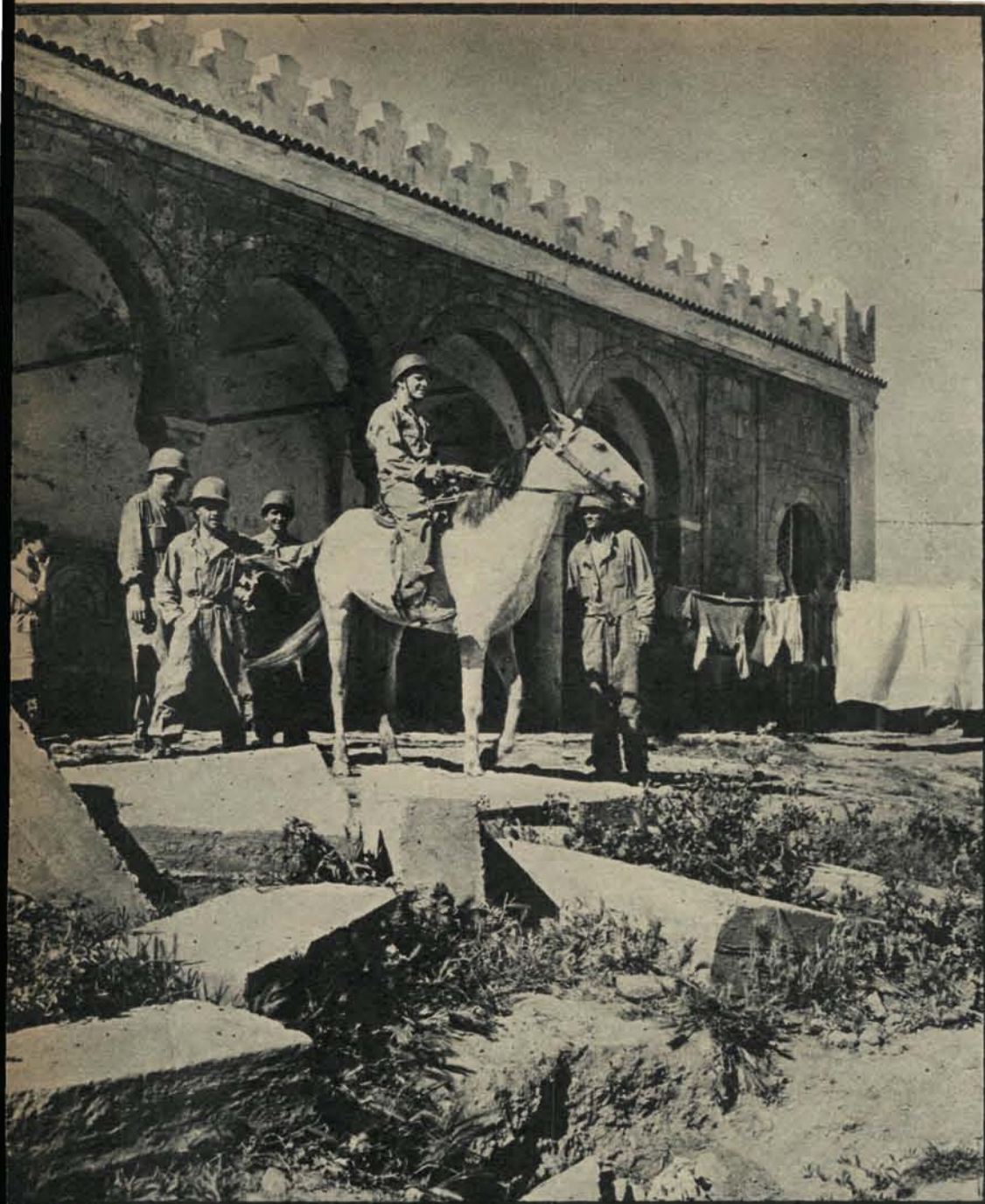
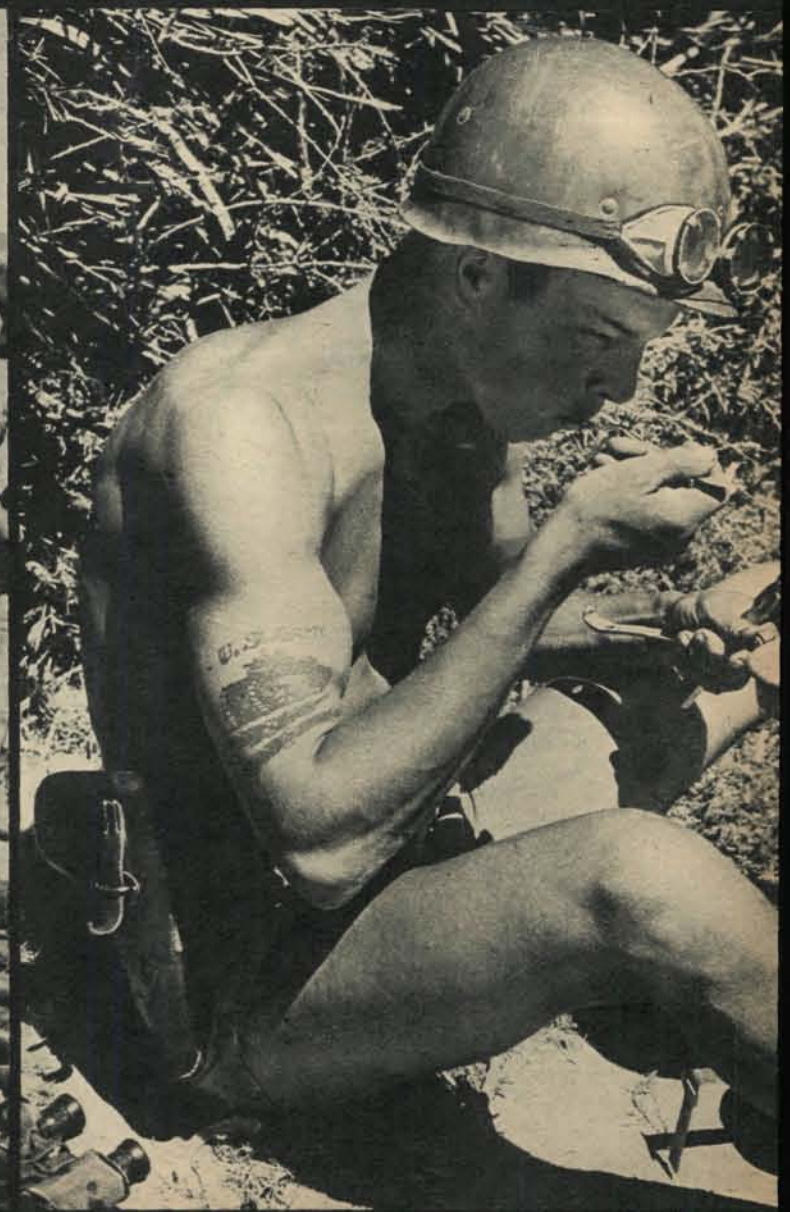


CAVALIER. GI nobility on a white horse once used by the Nazis for transport.

DEFEAT. A wounded Nazi airman captured near Tunis.

POSSESSION. Sitting on enemy guns, Pvt. Milton Adelman gnaws bologna.



FIGHTER. Sgt. Jim Gomillion takes time for lunch.

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VICTORY. With a Yank in the center carrying the flag of France, British, French and American fighters walk through the streets of Tunis.

STOPPED. Two GIs look over a Mark VI tank, knocked out by Allied shell fire. Sleeve, knocked off cannon's base, rests against muzzle brake.

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How Planes Support Infantry

Command in B-24 over Attu took radio directions from ground during attack, then sent P-38 fighters to raise hell with Jap concentrations.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AMCHITKA, RAT GROUP, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS [Passed by Navy Censor]—Today the feeling among the men was different.

The setting was the same as it had been for a year—a clammy dawn on this sliver of an island that parts the Bering Sea and the North Pacific. The plane was the same—a Liberator, ugly as a blimp but a great worker. The crew was the same—it had flown so often together it was a family.

The men walked out to the ship without any fuss whatever. But this time there was an extra eagerness in their stride. This was the day they had waited for. For a blasted year they had flown in the heavy cold of the Fairbanks country and had dropped supplies to a party testing arctic equipment on Mount McKinley. They had sweated out many hours of ceiling zero along the Aleutian Chain, where the fog gets so tight you'd swear there was no place to come in. Once they had crash-landed on a wild island and had camped all night under the plane's wing before a rescue party found them.

But it was just reconnaissance, so much a routine that they called it "the milk run."

Today it was the milk run no longer. Today this ship and this crew were coordinating air support for ground troops.

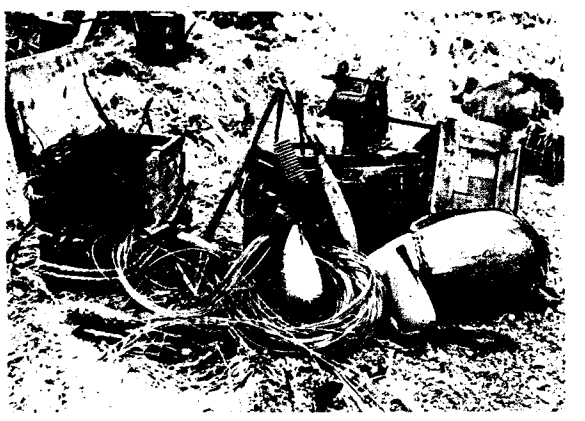
They had often talked about this day, longingly as men will when discussing the unattainable. Lately they had begun to hope, for Infantry, Engineers and Artillery had been digging in and stretching out in the vast theater of the Arctic islands. But the Ground Forces had been digging in for two years somewhere in Alaska; this might be more of the same.

Of course there had been bombing runs against Kiska and Attu but no ground action. The Air Forces had been at it alone. And Cpl. Alan C. Meador of Nacogdoches, Tex., tail gunner on the *Milk Wagon*, had often complained, "Man, we been doin' all the fightin' up here."

Today, as they took off, Cpl. Meador looked down into the murky haze and fog and said, "It sure is fun to think somebody else is sluggin' it out down there."

To men who had waited so long this was a great day, comparable to the day back home when the circus had actually fulfilled the promise of its big red billboards. And that's why there was an added zip to the *Milk Wagon*. Every man of its crew knew that this morning Ground Forces had been landed on Attu, had cut behind the Japs and were driving toward the beaches.

The joy of Cpl. Meador ran from tail to nose. Up ahead of Meador and YANK's correspondent were Cpl. Charles R. Beckner of Canton, Ohio, photographer; Sgt. Charles E. Balas of Janesville, Wis., left waist gunner; Cpl. Charles Cuneo of Cambridge, Mass., radio technician and right waist gunner; Hugh Goulding of Chicago, engineer; Sgt. Rodgers Oliver of Little Rock, Ark., radio operator; Sgt. James W. Chamberlin of Cleveland, Ohio, top turret gunner and assistant engineer; 1st Lt. James C. Beardsley of Tecumseh, Mich., navigator; 1st Lt. Robert M. Campion of Dallas, Tex., bombardier; 1st Lt. Martin L. Menger of Gulfport, Miss., co-pilot, and the man at the controls, Capt. John Andrews of Boston, Mass, who, according to his crew, was "the best damned pilot in Alaska or they wouldn't trust him with this job."



This equipment was left behind by the Japs in the Massacre Bay area of Attu, perhaps intended to be used in building a seaplane base.

And on this trip, inaugurating coordination of Air Force and Ground Force action, there was high rank aboard, Col. John V. Hart, command pilot, chief of staff of the 11th Air Force and CO of the 11th Advance Echelon. Yes, today the *Milk Wagon* had come into its own.

The Liberator lined out for Attu and the waist gunners shifted into heavy clothing and readied their Brownings. Gun-studded Kiska, seat of the main Jap strength in the Aleutians, was directly in their path, and Attu was only 20 minutes away.

Sgt. Balas grinned as he swung his gun out through the open waist panel and went through the motions of machine gunning.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Yanks who occupied Attu look over equipment and quarters used by a Jap medical unit. The Japs dug holes and interlacing tunnels through the hills.

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"I've been waiting a long time for this," he shouted over the thunder of the Liberator's four engines. "Maybe we'll get a chance for some strafing this time."

But he wasn't too hopeful. This was not a bombing mission. Today the *Milk Wagon* was a command plane. And anyway, Sgt. Balas knew the Aleutian weather. If the ceiling proved as low as usual it would conceal the precipitous peaks of Attu and no heavy bomber could risk the narrow valleys under low overcast.

Attu came in sight, and sure enough, the ceiling was too low. A mattress fog blanked out the ridges where the fighting lines were and folded down the cliffs to within 1,000 feet of the beach. Along the shore American tents and supplies were evidences that the Yanks had landed. Outside the shoal water Navy vessels circled in tight patrol, locking out any Jap reinforcements that might try to get in and locking in any Japs who might try to run out. Within the harbors small craft boldly did their work, and Navy PBYs and Kingfishers floated at anchor. The push was on.

The *Milk Wagon's* radio opened up and the crew settled down to enjoy the novel experience of witnessing an invasion. The radio chattered the language of air support for ground troops. All the codes emphasized words containing the letter "l" which the Japs can't pronounce.

Somewhere ashore back in the fog an Air Force liaison officer was moving up with the foot soldiers and artillery, precisely defining for Col. Hart in the *Milk Wagon* the limits of the American positions. He called happily, "Everything south and east of the lines I've given you is open season. There are plenty of the bastards in there, so have a good time."

Col. Hart had a good time. He summoned his heavy and medium bombers. The ceiling held down, though, and they couldn't go in. They patrolled offshore, watching for Jap ships, and Col. Hart sent in the nimble Lightnings. They approached the *Milk Wagon*, swift and graceful, circled for orders, and plunged boldly into the narrow valleys.

And Sgt. Balas, disappointedly fingering his own gun, watched them sweep down the treacherous slopes, buzzing low over the dug-in Japs, tossing light bombs from their wings and throwing quick bursts from their guns.

So close was the terrain that the Lightnings had time only for a quick one before whipping up and banking sharply to avoid crashing into the valley walls. Soon wisps of smoke appeared to Sgt. Balas from the valley, and after a while the tundra grass smoked heavily in a dozen places. Close to shore a rich red fire sent up sooty smoke.

The wave of Lightnings finished its work and raced home. Another wave took over the job. The Liberators and Mitchells meanwhile cruised offshore, cursing the weather. For seven hours they cruised with nothing to do.

And then, at the *Milk Wagon's* signal, they headed for home, their only consolation being the brief moment when they unloaded their bombs on Kiska en route back to their base.

"Anyway," Sgt. Balas concluded, "it's good to see those Ground Forces down there. Maybe we'll have a better break in the weather tomorrow."

New Guinea Alibi

NEW GUINEA—A group of natives were being brought up a river from New Guinea's north shore in small boats to serve as litter and supply bearers. Suddenly a few P-38s roared low overhead. Immediately the natives dived overside and swam ashore.

The American captain in charge of the detail rounded them all up, got hold of the No. 1 boy and explained that the planes were friendly. He ordered the natives not to dive again without his permission.

In a moment, over came more Yank planes. The frightened natives swam ashore a second time, with the No. 1 boy last in line.

Again the captain rounded them up and, seizing No. 1 by his fuzzy-wuzzy head, shouted: "Didn't I tell you not to leave us without orders?"

"Yes," the native replied, "but other boys not know jungle—might get lost. Me follow, show 'em how get back."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

LATEST GI GAGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE

Algiers

Troop-carrier pilots are talking about the commander of a British native company who asked for volunteers. "All who wish to jump from 500 feet report at headquarters in one hour," he said.

The entire company reported, but their spokesman made a request. "We will be glad to jump, sir," he said, "if you make it 300 feet."

The astonished commander looked at him and said, "But, good Lord, man, don't you know a parachute jump from 300 feet would be suicide?"

This time it was the spokesman who was astonished.

"What?" he demanded. "Do you mean to say we are going to get parachutes?"

New Guinea

A unit of Yanks was moving into its first bivouac area on the north side of the Owen Stanley Mountains, a desolate sector near the roving Japanese patrols.

The unit was understandably nervous when it unslung packs and began to dig slit trenches. Suddenly a whistle blew and a noncom shouted, "Front and center, everybody. On the double."

This was it, the Yanks figured, grabbing their rifles and running toward the assembly point. They waited breathlessly for the next order.

"Okay, everybody," the noncom said. "Line up and police the area."

Cairo

The gurkha is a British soldier from India. He operates noiselessly by dark with a curved, razor-sharp knife. German sentries in the African desert didn't like being alone when gurkhas were on the loose.

The best gurkha story, and it's an old one in a new uniform, concerns the gurkha who slipped up behind a careless Jerry, whipped out his knife and snicked.

As the gurkha came around in front of him, the Jerry tightened his grip on his rifle and said, "I've got you now, you schweinhund."

"Oh, have you?" replied the gurkha, politely. "Just wait till you try to turn your head."

Scotland

Pvt. Richard Broome of Brooklyn was enjoying the hospitality of Bob Halliday, genial master of the Red Lion Hotel—not in the hotel from which the Scot had made a tidy sum in his time, but in his stone home north of the village. With nine rooms and two baths, it's the showplace of the section and Halliday was making a ritual of "showing Broome aboot."

They came at last to a robin's-egg-blue tiled bathroom where, attached in gleaming splendor to the tub, was a shower bath. Broome screeched with excitement. Without so much as a by-your-leave he soon had his clothes off and was enjoying his first shower in months.

Halliday roared with laughter and pleasure.

"Sa they's wha th' contraption's for," he said. "Aye nae knew before; it just came wi' the tub."

If AAF Guys Fought as They Talk, We'd Lose the War Tomorrow

ENGLAND—Newspapermen trying to get a story out of our airmen who carry daily destruction to Europe are having their troubles. The AAF is composed of fighters, not talkers.

Take for example the following conversation between an inquiring reporter and S/Sgt. Joseph H. Herbert, former grocer's boy from New Rochelle, N. Y.:

Q. Understand you just returned from a bombing raid over Germany?

A. Sure as hell did.

Q. What was it like?

A. It was fun.

Q. Didn't it worry you when the flak started coming?

A. You only see it out of the corner of your eye.

Q. I'll bet you felt good being assigned to bomb Germany.

A. I wasn't assigned; I volunteered.

Q. Well come now, tell me how it felt to be up there over Germany?

A. I just told you it was fun.

Q. Did you get anything?

A. An ME-109.

Q. Did it give you a good feeling?

A. A hell of a good feeling.

Q. How did it happen, exactly?

A. He came toward me so I let him have it.

Q. What did it look like?

A. It looked like a plane being shot down.

Q. Anybody else get any planes?

A. Yes. Woody (S/Sgt. Woodrow Smith of Jerome, Idaho) got one and Ed (Sgt. Edward J. Bradford of Washington, D. C.) got one. They did a swell job.

Q. Are you anxious to get back?

A. Sure.

—Sgt. WALT PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

NEW FIGHTER-PLANE TRICKS

The Army's Flying Training Command now uses combat-experienced professors from overseas to teach the lessons they have learned the hard way against the enemy. YANK has prepared two articles about those lessons. The first one, next week, explains new fighter technique.

When out of uniform, this native medicine man sitting on a jeep works on American airfields in Central Africa. Having planes on the brain, he made a headdress in imitation of a B-24.

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Here is our secret bottle weapon which is used to float troops in battle equipment to Germany by the Gulf Stream, if it happens to be going that way.

Secret Weapons

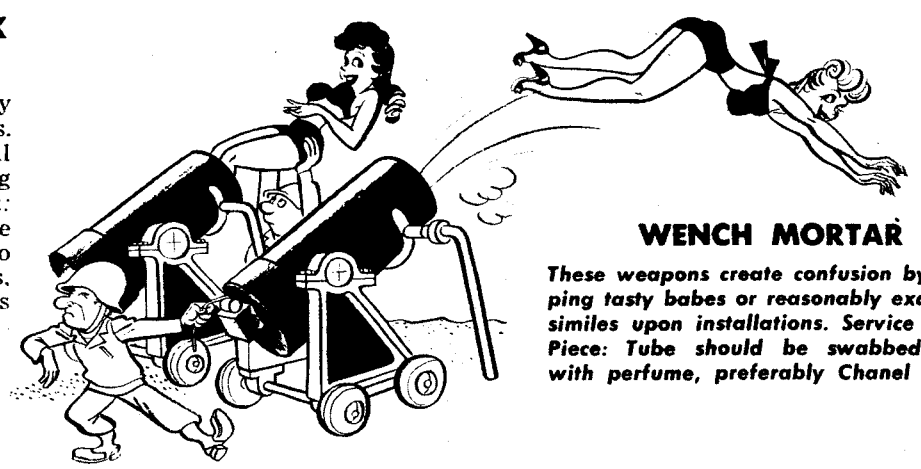
FOR THE INVASION OF GERMANY

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN

More details gladly furnished to any accredited Nazi spy if he encloses a self-addressed stamped envelope

OLD TOWN INVASION BARGE, SUBMERSIBLE, MARK VII, SECTION 8 (WITH PARASOL AND BANJO)

OUR simple-hearted Nazi coast sentry thinks that he sees only romantic couples, spending Sunday afternoon in canoes. But beneath the surface our invading troops are lurking, well supplied with Spam for the fight that looms ahead and studying their comic books as the Zero Hour draws near. *Technical Data:* Notice the young lady, or frail, in the stern of the canoe. She steers the barge with that innocent hand which she trails so languidly in the water and conceals with her distracting legs, or hockeys, the trap door in the floor of the canoe which serves the attacking force as an exit from the barge.



WENCH MORTAR

These weapons create confusion by dropping tasty babes or reasonably exact facsimiles upon installations. Service of the Piece: Tube should be swabbed often with perfume, preferably Chanel No. 5.

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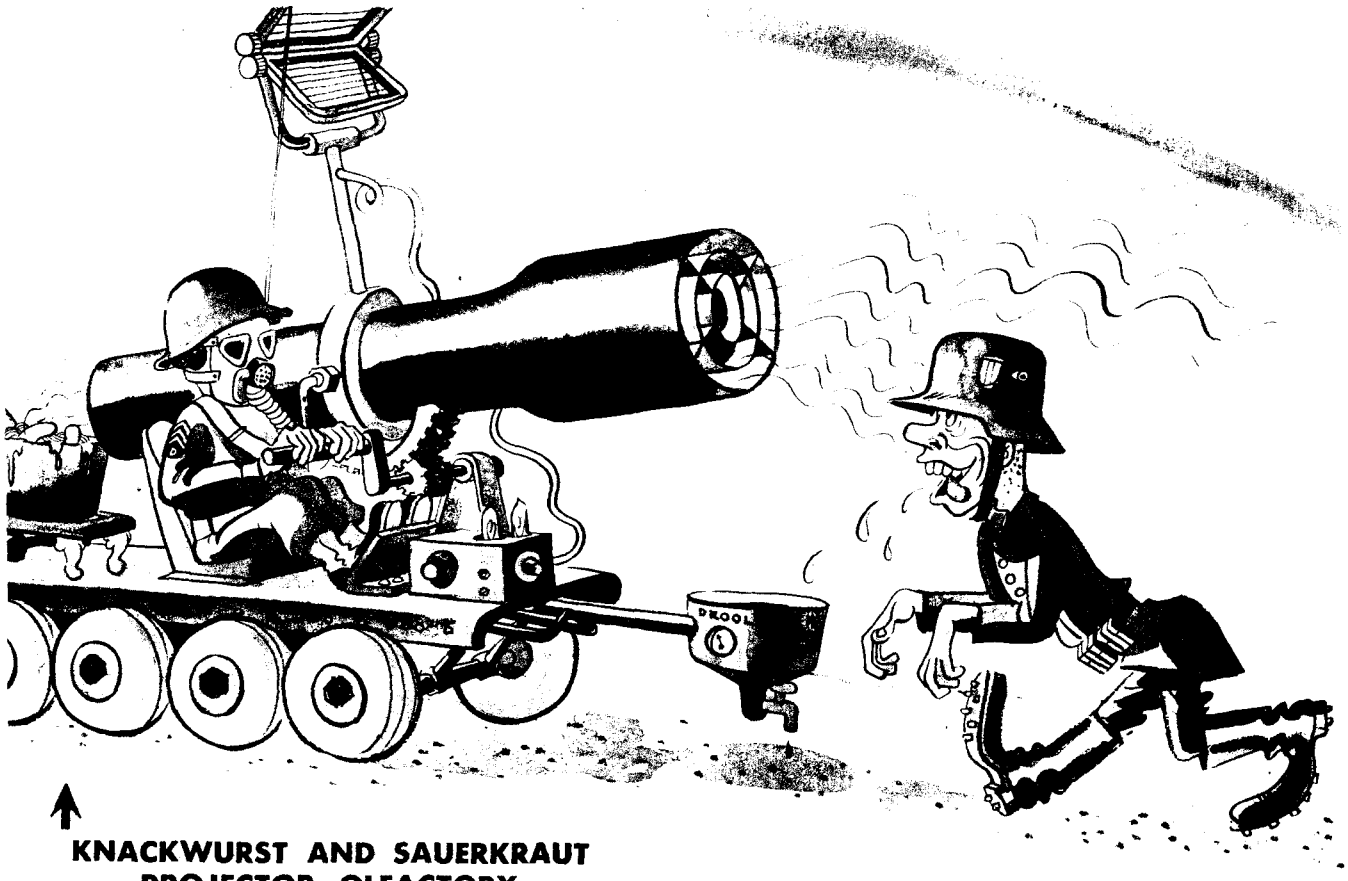
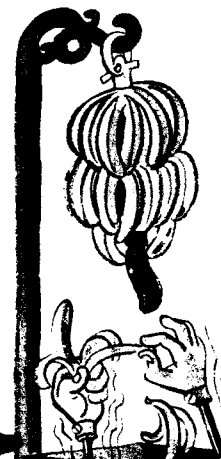


KNACKWURST AND SAUERKRAUT PROJECTOR, OLFACTORY

TRACTOR at left carries an engine-driven fan which forces the odor of knackwurst and sauerkraut, cooking on gas range, through the projector tube. Drool sergeant at projector controls can elevate or depress tube through an arc of 70 degrees. Drool meter under Nazi's chin registers excitation of salivary gland. If victim doesn't drool enough, put some more kraut in the pot. *Method of use:* The enemy follows the smell of the knackwurst and kraut and he is yours. Then you don't let him eat it.

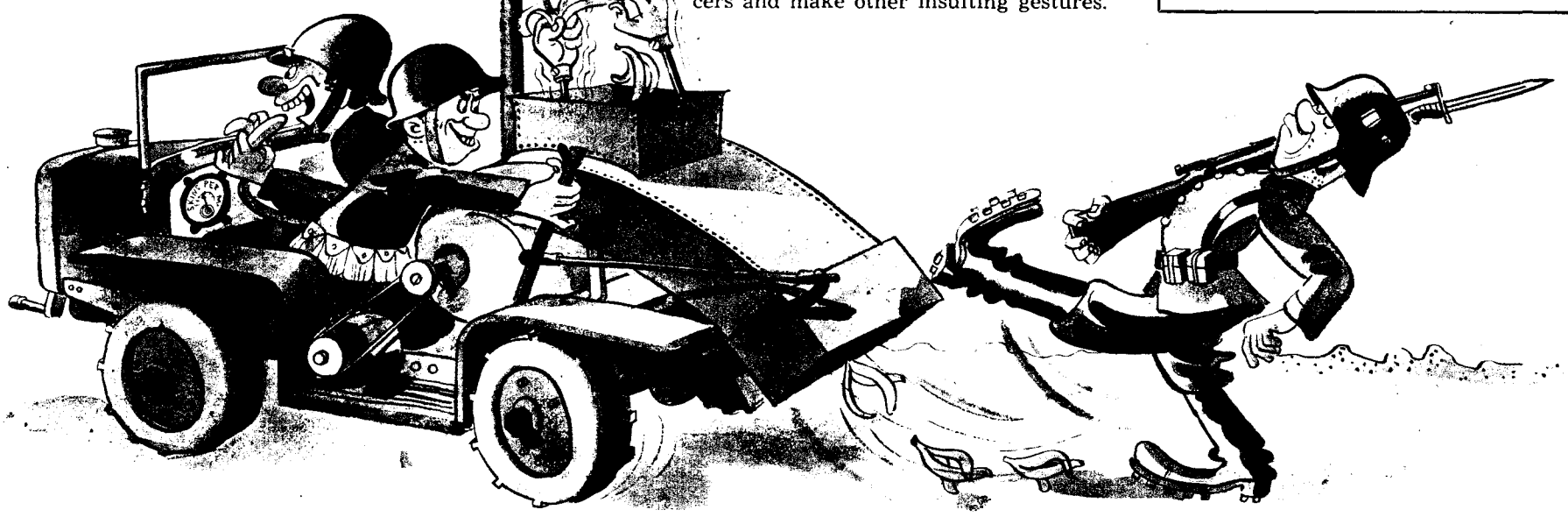
PARACOOK, PTOMAINE

This cruel weapon of invasion is used only under extreme provocation. Cooks and accomplices armed with copies of the Army Cook's Field Manual are dropped behind the enemy's line to cook for him. No special training necessary. Supplies of dried eggs and creamed beef on toast may also be dropped but only as a desperate last resort.



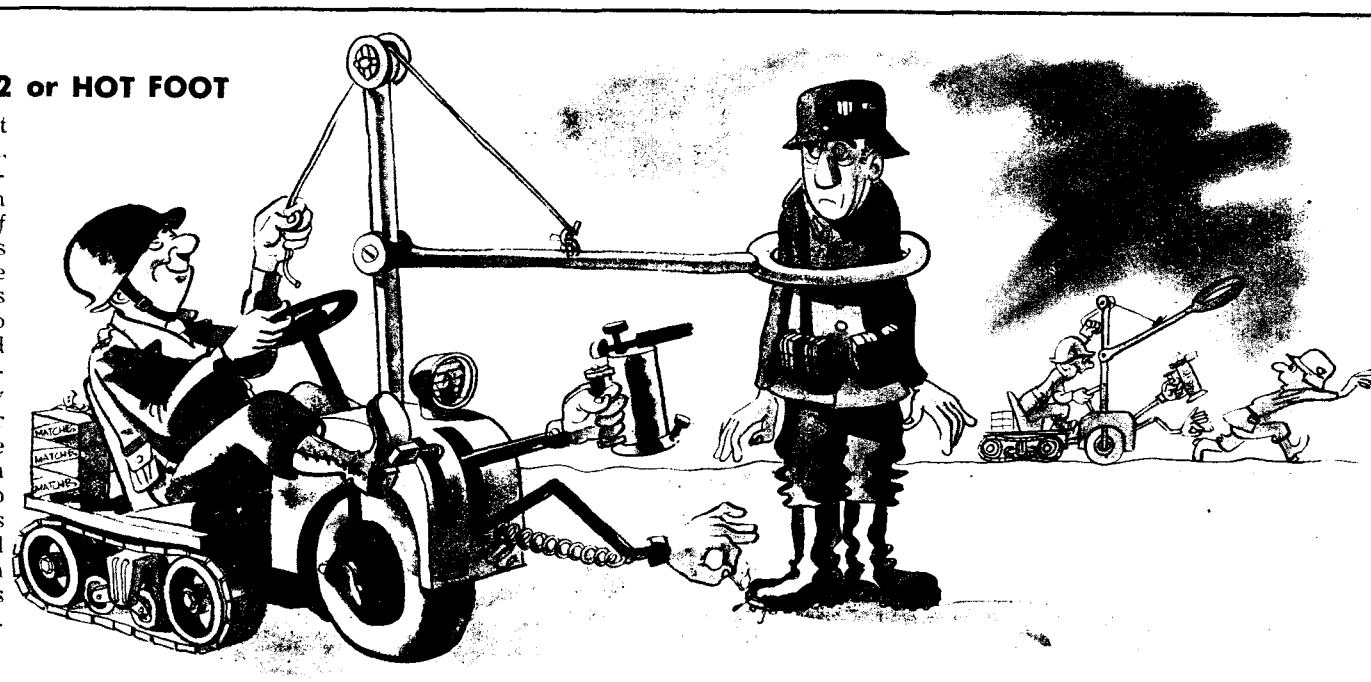
TRACTION REDUCER, BOOT M13, or PRATT-FALL INDUCER

THIS two-man motorized dignity destroyer features a pair of automatic hands which pick bananas very rapidly, dropping the peels in the path of advancing enemy infantry. Rest of the banana goes into GI pudding which is used as a devastating booby trap. Automatic hands can also be used to snap fingers under the noses of enemy officers and make other insulting gestures.



INCENDIARY, PEDAL M1922 or HOT FOOT

THIS is a light, mobile, single-seat infantry cooperation weapon, which can also be used to illuminate GI crap games at night when the invasion is over. *Method of operation:* The bewildered Nazi is chased until exhaustion. Then the embracing ring, or hugger, clamps over his head, pinning his arms to his side while the automatic hand appears with a lighted match, applying a hot foot in the customary manner. When a storm trooper or *oberfeldwebel* is bagged, the weapon applies the blowtorch with satisfactory results. How do the matches get stuck in the boots of the Nazis? They are placed there weeks before the invasion by fifth-columnists disguised as poor but honest shoe-shine boys.



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The Army Has Tested New Weapons, Proved Old Tactics, Eaten Plenty of Spam and Found Places Where Scotch Costs $400 a Quart

When Yank's first issue was circulated, June 18, 1942, America was doing its fighting exclusively on the sea and in the sky. But in the year that has passed since Yank came into existence, Guadalcanal has been captured, New Guinea cleaned out, Australia freed from the threat of invasion, Africa freed from Axis domination, Pearl Harbor rebuilt and the submarine menace lessened in the Atlantic, and now a drive is under way to push the Japs out of the Aleutians. Soon will come the invasion of Europe.

During that year of war, American soldiers have had a good look at themselves as fighting men. They have had a chance to put the theories they learned during basic training into practice under fire. They have been able to test their weapons against the enemy.

On these pages, Yank has rounded up from reports of its correspondents on every front the general reactions and conclusions of U. S. soldiers concerning their Army's progress in the last 12 months. These pages hold the mirror up to ourselves.

A lot of lessons have been learned and new techniques and equipment developed that we still can't talk about. But here, in brief, is what can be told at this time.

Fighting the Japs

Our war against Japan was fought chiefly during the last year in the jungles of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea. To our men, jungle warfare was new and strange. They soon discovered that throwing a hand grenade in a dense forest was a hell of a lot different from grenade practice on a parade ground. The men also had to learn the technique of working on their own in small scattered patrols where the natural inclination to bunch up in twos or threes was a fatal error. Each soldier had to do his own thinking, and he had to have enough patience to lie motionless for hours.

Many a soldier in Guadalcanal and New Guinea gladly would have paid $100 for a pair of silent rubber-soled sneakers like those the Japs wore. They even taped their dog tags to prevent them from jingling on patrol missions.

Lessons we learned about jungle fighting:

Our weapons have been away ahead of the opposition in combat except that we had nothing to equal the Jap "knee" mortar, a handy 50-mm portable one- or two-man piece with which the enemy did a lot of damage. Our men like the Tommy gun best for individual shooting and respect the M1.

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Pvt. Jack Coggins

THESE LESSONS WE HAVE LEARNED

1. Our enemies—Japs and Fascists—are not supermen. They are damned good offensive fighters, but like all men who are taught to die for their country, they aren't as strong as democratic men who have something to live for.

2. The Italian is just as ready to fight as the German.

3. Our equipment is the world's sweetest.

4. Our training is good, and most guys in combat wish they'd paid more attention to it.

5. You can't win without air support, but air power is indecisive without infantry and artillery. There is no substitute for artillery preparation and infantry occupation.

6. Lone Ranger tactics in fighter planes are magazine stuff; planes fight most effectively in squadrons, not solo.

7. Water is always scarce; a fighting man must condition his body to much less water.

8. It is a fatal error to shoot unless you have something to shoot at and destroy; you just give away your position.

9. Our soldiers work best when they know not just what to do but WHY they are doing it.

10. The best way to help a wounded man is not to stop and give him first aid but to press forward and cover the medics, who are equipped to give expert help.

11. The proper way to move forward is still either bent over or crawling. The man who runs standing up is a dead duck.

12. Tank destroyers should be used like artillery, not like tanks.

13. Jap and German units don't function too well after their officers have been liquidated.

14. K and D rations are better than Spam, and there is no substitute for the sugar report.

The men discovered at Guadalcanal that jungle warfare gave them little opportunity to use the rifle sling. Fast fire in volume was often required. The target usually was obscured, and volume battle fire was most useful. Deluges of rain ruled out compliance with the "soap and water for three days" cleaning rule. Men cleaned bore and chamber of their guns with socks, shirts, undershirts, even tore legs from trousers to get rags.

Cover and Concealment. Through experience our men learned not to neglect the basics of camouflage. They wore green clothes, blacked faces for night work, in the absence of chemicals allowed their beards to grow and learned by hard work to walk quietly, although Jap prisoners said they didn't learn that lesson well enough. They learned that foxholes and slit trenches must be dug well and concealed equally well. They also learned to keep off the trails even when jungle brush was matted, since Jap MG fire covering trails did not traverse.

Infiltration and Diversion. The enemy worked behind defensive positions to create confusion and to draw fire by simple but effective shouting, rock-throwing or feinting away from the main attack. Jap sniper fire proved disconcerting until it was evaluated for what it was—a not-too-effective nuisance.

On the offensive, artillery played the major part in softening up defensive positions, but the Jap usually doesn't quit until an infantryman nails him.

Officers learned not to wear identifying insignia and not to allow their men to call to them by rank or to look at them for orders. The Jap will pass up 20 enlisted men to get an officer. In such a situation, officers had to prove themselves real leaders, and those who were not found themselves in the rear.

Also, our reports from 'Canal say, "you learn, after watching a couple of successful operations, to trust and welcome support from artillery and air and coastwise naval shelling. This is particularly true of artillery, which worked in close cooperation with infantry. You have to have plenty of faith in the accuracy of somebody else when he's shooting at an enemy 100 yards away—the same faith William Tell's little boy had."

In New Guinea, on the other hand, artillery played a very small part in the Buna and Sananda campaigns. It was almost impossible to move heavy field pieces in that swampy terrain. The supply problem was terrific and malaria a constant menace. Over the Owen Stanley Mountains the men fought the whole way in stealth and concealment, with little water and much dehydrated food. It was a long, tough haul.

Target designation gave way in New Guinea to concentrated fire power in the general direction of an enemy who did not show himself. Every morning trees were sprayed top to bottom to catch snipers and, in the absence of heavy artillery, 81-mm mortars disrupted enemy supply lines, particularly parachuted supplies.

On the march, such pack essentials as shelter halves, raincoats and mess kits became nonessentials and, along with gas masks, were left in the rear to be brought up by reinforcements. Stripped down to necessities, infantry equipment contained a canteen, sun helmet, fatigue cap, gun, ammunition bandoleers and a little food. Even blankets were torn in half to lighten the load.

Use of five- and eight-man squads was sometimes moderated owing to density of the jungle, which prevented deployment in force. So the soldier in New Guinea, as at Guadalcanal, had to learn how to do his own thinking and his map- and compass-reading instead of depending upon an officer or noncom.

Chewing gum, pin-up pictures, comic magazines and crunchy candy bars became memories to the men of New Guinea, and while there were sometimes cigarettes, it was hard to find a light. The fighting men had great respect for the QM jeep drivers, the medics and the Fuzzy Wuzzy natives. They also had great respect for the rules for preventing malaria, and the guy who didn't follow those rules was a chump and a very sick one, at that.

Fighting the Nazis

In military tactics as well as in miles it's a long way from the South Pacific to Tunisia. In Tunisia our men demonstrated in highly mechanized warfare that they could take it and could dish it out. War in the Pacific had many of the elements

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of Indian fighting before the Revolutionary War. War in the Mediterranean was from the modern assembly line.

Here for the first time we were able to test the glamorized new troops—the armored forces and tank destroyers, heavy hardware, airborne engineers and motorized battalions—against the masters of their use, seasoned German troops.

We learned that these factors are vital but not decisive in themselves. You still must have the solid foundation of artillery and infantry at the pay-off.

The basics of mechanized combat were not changed. The rules don't need rewriting. The men had to learn a lot more about the use of land mines, though; they all admit we should use more of them in the future, sow them more liberally and be more careful about clearing enemy mine fields. As Lt. Gen. McNair says, the way the Germans used mine fields "almost amounted to a new arm."

Artillery concentration followed by infantry advance was proved by the British at El Alamein to be as effective against a mobile mechanized tank army as it was against the trenches on the Somme. The artillery is helped far beyond its former power by aerial bombing, which also is artillery, by aerial reconnaissance, by antitank guns and AA batteries, and by advances in Signal Corps technique which have given artillery a new dimension. But it is still artillery. The infantry now has tanks as blocking backs and planes to heave forward passes, but it is still the infantry that crosses the goal line and kicks the extra point on ground it has occupied and held.

The foxhole and slit trench were the soldier's best friend in Tunisia. Men learned to dig every time they stopped moving, using any damned thing that was handy, even a helmet. Pfc. John Larson, who won the Silver Star and Purple Heart in North Africa, says, "There's something about a flock of machine-gun bullets coming at you from the enemy that says, 'Dig, soldier, dig!' "

Our tank and antitank equipment proved to be so good that the Germans couldn't come near it. But its deployment was not movie-style—in a broad sweep, pennants flying, across windswept space. It was found that tanks are handiest when used as the British use them, as interference for the infantry. Similarly the tank destroyers had to learn they weren't tanks but strictly what their name implied—a defensive weapon best drawn up into strategic position determined by reconnaissance, their high speed used to get them into position, not to chase out into open country. The M10 tank destroyer showed itself, in North Africa, the master of the highly touted German land battleship, the Mark VI.

SIGNAL CORPS PROGRESS

ONE of the year's outstanding developments in military science is the expanded use of Radar by the Signal Corps. Radar, which has the sub menace on the run in the Atlantic, is also used for airplane-spotting and a lot of other things. In fact, it will do everything but boil your coffee.

Signal Corps scored in North Africa by laying communications wire under fire at a speed of 35 miles per hour, which is something the Old Army wouldn't believe. It has also perfected the Walkie-Talkie even in Alaska, where batteries freeze in five minutes.

In spite of so much Spam that everybody got damned sick of it, the ASF did a job in Africa that will find a place in history books. Everything had to be toted from the U. S., including locomotives, not to mention the ordinary mechanized equipment and ammunition. Then when the Second Corps made its epic surprise move from El Guettar to the north, crossing at right angles on its way the supply lines to the British First, the Army Service Forces not only moved it but supplied it without disrupting British traffic or causing delay. They'll be teaching that one at West Point from now on. It was one of the decisive factors of the campaign. The ASF wasn't "too late with too little" in Tunisia.

Alaska

A YEAR and a half of waiting and preparing has paid off in Alaska. There the lessons to be learned were patience and coordination of Army and Navy units. It was a case of waiting for the day, and finally the day arrived when troops and sailors moved into the Aleutians.

The "day" meant many things to many men. To the engineers it proved that the great rush against incredible odds to build the 2,400-mile Alcan Highway was paying off. The Road was open, and how! And the ASF thanked God for its engineers whose guts had put the Road through. The Russians also thanked God for the Road, over which moved supplies to be flown from the terminus of the Road to Russia. Flying that stuff up under the Arctic Circle in fog and ice was a job for the best of Air Force men, who risked their necks every minute of the day.

The lessons in Alaska were in favor of the rule book. Nothing much new to learn, but a lot that had been learned was put to the test of 60-below-zero cold, interminable rain and fog, instantaneous freezing, rugged living. The men got along without women, radios, books, Coca-Cola and sunshine. And they sure want to get the war over so they may get to hell home.

With the movement out along the Aleutian Chain and the victory at Attu, the men began to feel that the war wasn't going to last forever. They understood, then, why they had been stuck in a remote, quiet sector for so long. Alaska was quiet no longer.

Army Air Forces

THE Air Forces made many innovations during the 12 months from June to June. They mastered an air route across the Himalayas from India to China, they met and mastered the *Luftwaffe* in Africa and Europe, shagged Jap airmen from China, and flew through zero ceilings and sub-zero sleet in Alaska. They have for six months been invading Europe almost every day of the week, pounding the Axis arsenal into rubble. They have made the Flying Fortress great because, and only because, great men have flown the Fortress. They have mastered the transition to what Gen. Arnold calls "the last of the small bombers," the B-24 and the B-26. They have taken the curse off the P-38 and the P-40.

Fighter planes have learned not to monkey with individual acrobatics but to stay in formation. Pilots have learned there's a lot of difference between air and ground shooting. Twin-engine pilots have discovered that you can turn in toward a conked-out motor and come out alive. All concede that a bombardier ought also to know navigation and a pilot must be able to give "first aid" repairs to his engines and electrical and hydraulic systems.

Europe. Our Air Forces, with the British, have already invaded Europe. Our Eighth Air Force and the RAF have had a second front going in the sky for a full year during which time it has constantly grown in intensity and effectiveness to the point where now its commander, Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, says experimental operations over Europe have been concluded.

No section of the U. S. Army has done a tougher or more effective job in the last 12 months than the Eighth Air Force. No target in Germany was too remote for our Fortresses and Liberators. Since last July the Eighth has lost 90 bombers over Europe, in return for which it has collected 356 German planes for sure and many probables.

A trick Gen. Eaker's men have learned is to put fighter planes on the outer rim of formations when the bombers have loads, then when fighter ammunition is about expended to pull the fighters inside the bomber protection for the run home. The men have also had to learn the hard way to be careful in adjusting their electrically heated clothing to prevent frostbite at high altitudes. Gen. Eaker is experimenting, he announced, with bulletproof vests on the order of those worn by Al Capone's boys years ago in Chicago. These are expected to prove helpful against splinters and spent bullets.

Southwest Pacific. The Air Forces successfully carried an invading infantry force into New Guinea, then teamed with ASF to keep it supplied. Aerial troop transports shuttled back and forth delivering reinforcements to areas inaccessible to land and sea. Heavy-caliber artillery was flown over the Owen Stanley Mountains and into such isolated spots as Wau. Lack of heavy naval units at times led to innovations such as skip-bombing.

In the Southwest Pacific, Air Force planes shellacked the Jap Navy in two epic encounters and made the apparently impossible job of aerial warfare over a wide area of islands and sea seem routine. The Air Forces also evacuated hundreds of wounded men from Guadalcanal and other islands to hospitals where their lives were saved.

North Africa. The Air Forces flew in whole crews of engineers to repair airfields under fire, and set up hedge-hopping light planes as reconnaissance units for artillery.

China, Burma, India. The 10th Air Force has learned how to combat dust, heat and monsoon rains. It organized a striking force even though it was at the tail end of the long supply line from the U. S. via Panama, Brazil, Africa, Cairo and India. Its record in that time: 1,000 sorties over Burma with loss of four planes in combat, 500 fighter sorties with loss of two planes. B-24s, B-25s and P-40s kept the Jap constantly off stride and broke up a planned invasion of India. And all the while the 10th so carefully guarded the Air Transport Command's supply lane across the Himalayas that not a single ferry plane was lost through enemy action.

Outstanding development in C-B-I was the 10th Air Force's use of P-40s as dive bombers. They dive at their targets, drop their loads, pull out of the dive and make another run, strafing troops and installations. It has been so successful that the Japs now move over North Burma's railroads only at night. With creation of the 14th Air Force in China, which already has raided the Jap Hainan Islands, things are looking up in the Orient.

The system of Maj. Gen. Chennault for air war against the Japs in China has become as famous in the air as the Notre Dame Shift and the Warner Single Wing Back in football. Since the China Air Task Force took over from the AVG and in turn became the 14th, these flying men, on every occasion badly outnumbered, have scored 182 Jap planes shot down, plus 63 probables at a loss to themselves of 14 pilots. In addition the 14th has been constantly busy with bombing and strafing. One bomb squadron alone has turned in 70 missions with loss of only one plane in combat, and in addition to this bombing it got nine Jap planes confirmed and 13 probables and destroyed 33 Jap planes in the ground. Many of these missions were in conjunction with Chinese ground-force actions. The 14th also made good use of skip-bombing.

Because China is at the end of the supply line, food must be procured locally, and not a man in China but would give a month's flight pay for a good roast-beef dinner with mashed potatoes and gravy. A glass of fresh milk, if auctioned, might bring $30. A bottle of good Scotch costs $400-$600, Chinese money.

Expansion. The big story of the Air Forces in the last 12 months is their expansion. They have doubled in size from a sprinkling of power in England, China, India, Australia and Alaska to

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THE ARMY'S NEW M12 IS A 155 MOUNTED ON A MEDIUM TANK CHASSIS

THIS is the M12, the Army's latest model self-propelled 155-mm gun with an effective range of 10 miles, three miles farther than the 105-mm M7 tank-destroyer weapon which proved so successful in the Tunisian campaign firing at distant targets under fire directions relayed from air observers. The M12 is mounted on a medium tank chassis and maneuvers with speed that leaves the average 155-mm field artillery rifle and its prime mover in the dust. Discussing the M12 recently, Maj. Gen. Gladeon M. Barnes, chief of the Army Ordnance Technical Division, disclosed that the weapon can be used not only against ground forces but also as a coast artillery weapon for firing upon prospective landing forces far out at sea. It is particularly valuable in coastal defense because it can be brought into a temporary installation much quicker than other guns of similar size.

14 full-fledged forces in all theaters. New planes like the Lightning have been introduced. Techniques have been perfected. Flying sergeants have become flying officers. Aviation students have become cadets. Gliders are now practical and in use. New gunnery and navigation schools have turned out thousands of experts. And there is no end to AAF resourcefulness. Hell, they are even ferrying fighter planes across oceans, now.

Army Service Forces

THE ASF used to be called the Services of Supply. But whatever they call it, in the last 12 months it has had the biggest supply job in the history of warfare. ASF is the gang you cuss when you get Spam three times a day. But you can thank ASF for mail, medical care, transportation, Ordnance, the QMC, Signal Corps, the Engineers, the WAAC, the MPs, your PXs, movies and recreation, and YANK, among other things.

Just thinking of all the things ASF has to worry about would make anybody dizzy except Lt. Gen. Somervell, the boss.

ASF has moved so fast in the last 12 months it is impossible to report its achievements by theaters. It's all we can do to keep track of them by branches. Here are some of the records:

1. **Bought and delivered world-wide 17 billion dollars worth of supplies.**
2. **Inducted, classified and assigned 4 million draftees.**
3. **Built 6 billion dollars worth of Army installations.**
4. **Moved 14 million tons of supplies and a million men, including you.**
5. **Developed (through the QMC) new clothes to meet new types of war and the dehydrated rations, and took the brass buttons off a lot of uniforms.**
6. **Saved 97 out of every 100 wounded, perfected the use of atabrine, new anaesthetics and pain killers, and through the Medical Department did 100 other jobs that couldn't be done.**

The Engineers built the Alcan Highway, perfected the Airborne Engineers which flew into North Africa to repair bombed-out airports, built Army camps from Hell to Breakfast, and climaxed a brilliant year by keeping the roads clear in Tunisia while the Second Corps moved from Maknassy to the Bizerte sector directly across the Allied line of communications. In North Africa the Engineers built roads at the rate of four miles a day. In Australia and New Guinea the Engineers built 100 airdromes, some actually behind enemy lines.

Construction the Engineers have completed during the year amounts to 20 times the work needed to build the Panama Canal.

Ordnance produced several big developments. The small-arms section developed the bazooka, with a rocket projectile that is strictly from Buck Rogers. For one- or two-man operation, it is our answer to the Japanese "knee" mortar. Ordnance also standardized a corrugated rawhide-handled trench knife. In ammunition, Ordnance substituted the steel cartridge case for brass.

New artillery pieces included a 155-mm 8-wheeler that proved very accurate in Tunisia at up to 20 miles. Antiaircraft has developed a 37-mm and two 50-caliber machine guns on a single mount to fire simultaneously from a half track, a weapon aimed at dive bombers. A new 40-mm AA gun had fine results in Africa. A new 90-mm AA gun drew loud cheers in the two Pacific theaters. Another new piece is the M7 tank destroyer, a 105-mm howitzer called "The Priest" because its 50-caliber machine-gun mount looks like a pulpit, and when it hits you, you need absolution. Tried by the British against Rommel last December, its enthusiasts say it makes tanks obsolete, but don't tell that to a tank man or you'll get a battle. Also first used in Africa was the 155-mm-gun motor carriage. This utilizes a medium tank chassis to tote a 155 rifle that can throw a 95-pound projectile 15 miles and can knock out anything on tracks or wheels. Very new is the gun motor carriage M10 that mounts a 3-inch antitank gun to supplement the M7 howitzer.

There were plenty of other developments during the year, but if we tried to list them all there wouldn't be any space left for the pin-up girls. You will find the regular pin-up as usual on page 24 and eight extras in the middle of the magazine.

LATRINE QUESTIONS A YEAR OF COMBAT DID NOT DECISIVELY ANSWER

1. Whether land-based planes have made carriers obsolete.

2. Whether bombing planes have outmoded the battleship.

3. Whether tanks should fight other tanks or leave that job to tank destroyers and artillery.

4. Whether objective bombing is more effective than area bombing.

5. Whether AA guns should be distributed by units or in mobile masses.

6. When this war will end.

7. Whether Jane Russell or Betty Grable is the better pin-up.

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How About Next Year—and the Next 100 Years?

A YEAR ago this week YANK started publication with an editorial announcing that it was strictly an enlisted man's weekly. The enlisted men and nobody else, we said in that first issue, would write YANK's stories, take its pictures, draw its gag cartoons, select its pin-up girls and determine its editorial policies.

All through our first year, we have kept the magazine that way. YANK belongs to you enlisted men. It reports your fighting and training, prints your literary and artistic inspirations (if you can call them that) and opens its pages to your squawks and gripes. We want you to know that YANK is going to remain an enlisted man's paper for the duration and six months—and even longer if you need it.

Speaking of the future, YANK hopes that you enlisted men will start soon to use the pages of this paper to discuss the peace that will follow the war. Most of us in the Army feel that the men who are doing the fighting should have something to say about the peace, too, and a hell of a lot to say about what kind of a nation America will be after the war. But you enlisted men haven't talked much about the future. Consequently, few people know exactly what you are thinking—if anything. Some people have given out statements quoting soldiers as saying this or that but the statements we've made so far don't add up to much.

Here, in YANK, you enlisted men have a medium for expressing your ideas about the peace and post-war America. We, as editors of your paper, hope that you will make use of YANK in the future for this purpose.

Why don't you?

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

YANK has well earned its acceptance among Army men. It is sprightly and informative. My visits to Army Air Force installations all over the world have demonstrated to me its popularity. To the man overseas, it carries that most welcoming and heartening message —news from home. To the man stationed in the United States, YANK brings vivid and knowing accounts of action at the front.

On this first anniversary of YANK, I extend congratulations to the many enlisted men upon whom falls the responsibility for its actual preparation—the writers, artists and photographers who today are serving alongside their fellow troops on all nine fronts.

—Gen. H. H. ARNOLD
Commanding General
U.S. Army Air Forces

To the staff and contributors of YANK, congratulations on your first year's activities.

Your magazine has been of inestimable morale value to the personnel of this theater. Scattered as we are at isolated outposts on far-flung islands in the Pacific, YANK has been the one magazine hashed and re-hashed. Even our native friends, in their varied (sometimes scanty) attire, look forward to Sad Sack and all his friends.

Keep up the good work—and please don't fail to get each issue out to our people.

—Lt. Gen. M. F. HARMON
Commanding General
South Pacific Area

The most important thing we have learned in the Pacific is the importance of cooperation between the branches of our armed forces. Whenever possible, out there, the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard work together as a fighting unit. No one bothers to think whether the man next to him is a gob, a marine or a soldier. Each one knows that beside him is a fighting man who knows his job—and that's all that matters.

A magazine like YANK helps cement this understanding between the services. It deals with all the services; it's written by all the services.

We look forward to YANK in the Pacific—officers and men both. We think it is doing a first-rate job.

—Capt. JOSEPH FOSS
U. S. Marine Corps

Congratulations on your first birthday.

YANK's mission with the Army is one of vital importance. It has been carried out in a commendable manner during the past year.

Speaking for the Army Service Forces, let me assure you that your efforts have been appreciated. We are looking forward to the continued success of the Army's own newspaper.

—Lt. Gen. BREHON SOMERVELL
Commanding General
U.S. Army Service Forces

It is a pleasure to greet the Navy's brothers-in-arms through the Army's voice, YANK.

Soldiers, sailors, Marines and Coast Guardsmen in the Pacific Ocean areas realize the urgent necessity of fighting as a team. The enemy is learning to his sorrow how effective this Army-Navy cooperation can be.

Through YANK I should like to compliment the Army on its fighting spirit, which has already proved itself in battle on many fronts in this war.

—Admiral CHESTER W. NIMITZ
Commander In Chief, Pacific Fleet

Congratulations to YANK on the completion of a very successful year of publication. The Seventh Air Force, Hawaii, has welcomed YANK as a morale builder as well as good entertainment. Keep up the fine work, but we sincerely hope that you won't have occasion to celebrate many more birthdays. Yours for victory—soon and complete.

—Maj. Gen. WILLIS H. HALE
Commanding General
Seventh Air Force, Hawaii

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on YANK's achievements during its first year of publication.

YANK has well earned the popularity it enjoys with men in all branches of the service. We are grateful for the special Marine issues of YANK and for all Marine material included in other editions.

May I, as a regular reader, extend best wishes for your continued success.

—Brig. Gen. ROBERT L. DENIG
Director, Division of Public Relations,
U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

I should like to extend my heartiest congratulations to YANK, the Army Weekly, on its first birthday. YANK has faithfully reported the great job our Ground Forces have done in many parts of the world during the past 12 months, and also has published some remarkable pictures of Ground Force operations. During YANK's second year the Ground Forces expect to provide YANK with plenty of important stories. Keep up the good work.

Yours for continued success.

—Lt. Gen. LESLEY J. McNAIR
Commanding General
Army Ground Forces

YANK in the past year has done a noble job as a morale-booster of troops serving in the Caribbean Area.

Soldiers stationed at strategically located defense positions guarding the vital installations of the Panama Canal have brightened long, monotonous hours of watchful waiting by reading their own soldier-edited weekly.

Flavored in a peppy, interesting style, YANK's stories, gags and cartoons fortify the troops on duty here with a desirable type of reading material.

YANK's staff has done splendid work since the inception of the publication last year, and I know the future will bring continued success.

—Lt. Gen. GEORGE H. BRETT
Commanding General
Caribbean Defense Command

As the first year of publication of YANK comes to a close, I congratulate the editors and staff of the newspaper upon the fine work which they have done. As a newspaper published by soldiers and for soldiers, it is the official voice of the American Army and fills a very definite place in the Army life.

In this theater, the newspaper brings up-to-date news of actions and activities in other theaters and tends to create in our men that spirit of pride and comradeship which is most desirable. My thanks to the people responsible for the publication of this newspaper and best wishes for its continued success.

—Lt. Gen. DELOS C. EMMONS
Former Commanding General
of the Hawaiian Department

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YANK

BONUS BOOK

EIGHT EXTRA PAGES OF SAD SACKS, CARTOONS AND PIN-UPS, AND A STORY BY PVT. SAROYAN

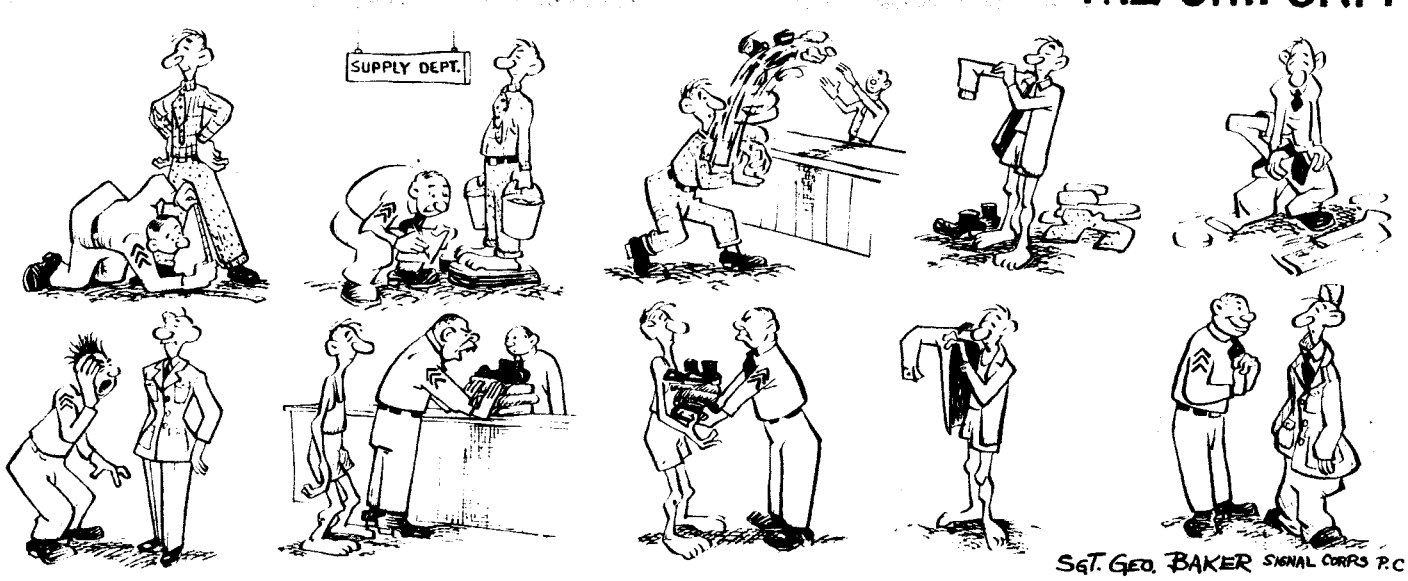
"Not now, darling. I've just come to the extra pages of pin-ups."

THE SAD SACK

HIS FIRST YEAR IN THE ARMY

Like YANK, the Sad Sack is celebrating the end of his first year in the Army this week. So we decided to turn back his service record, bringing out again in this Bonus Book some of his early experiences in the days when he used to sit on the seat marked "venereals" because he thought it meant "recruits".

"THE UNIFORM"



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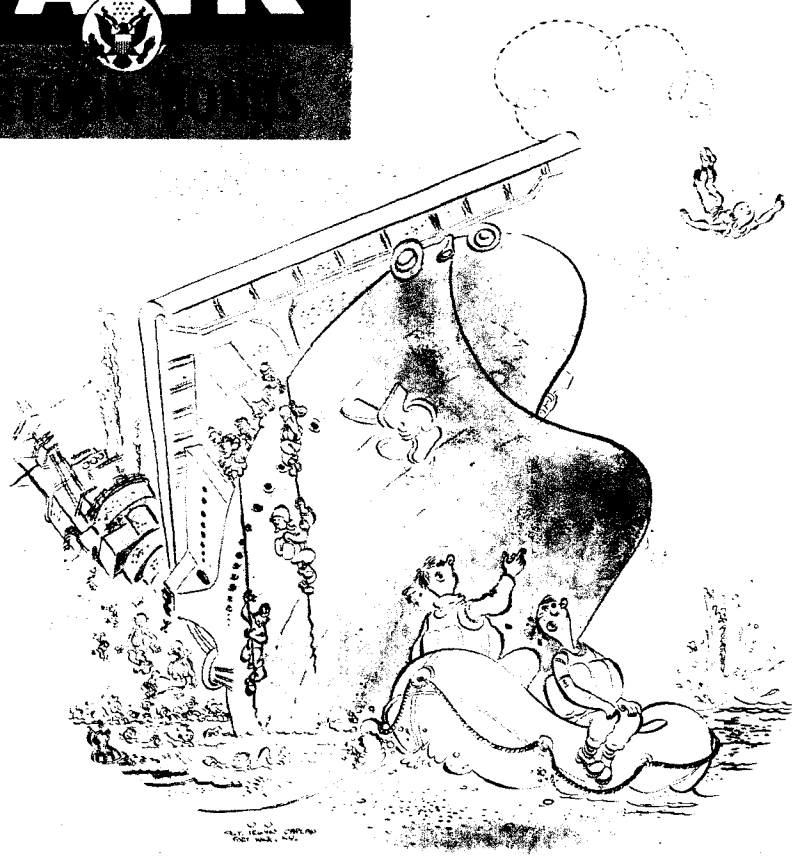
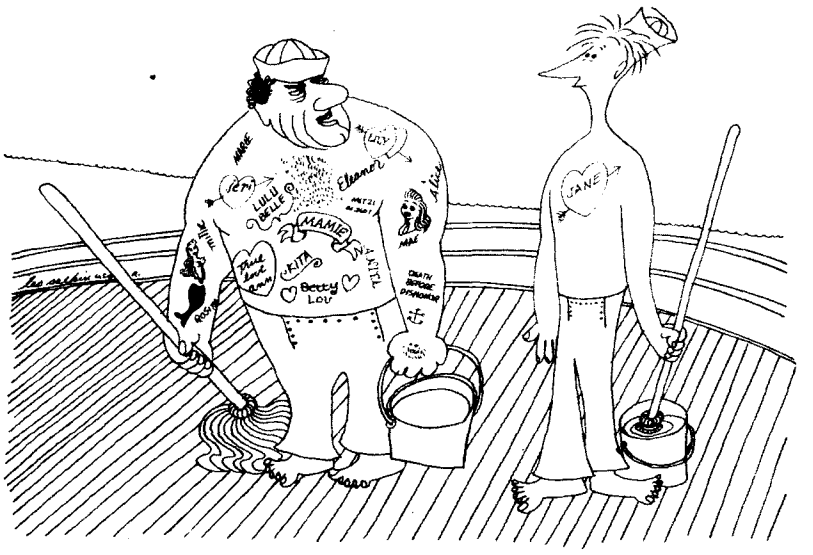
YANK



"THAT'S HERBERT FOR YOU . . . ALWAYS THE EXHIBITIONIST!"
—*Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.*



"AIN'T BEEN IN LONG, HAVE YOU, MATE?"
—*Leo Salkin, PhoM3c, USN, San Diego, Cal.*

"JUST TO RELIEVE THE MONOTONY, SIR."
—*Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.*

"I KEEP HIM HERE FOR SLAMMING DOWN THE TELEPHONE."
—*Pfc. Aldo, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.*

THE SAD SACK "REVEILLE"

THE SAD SACK

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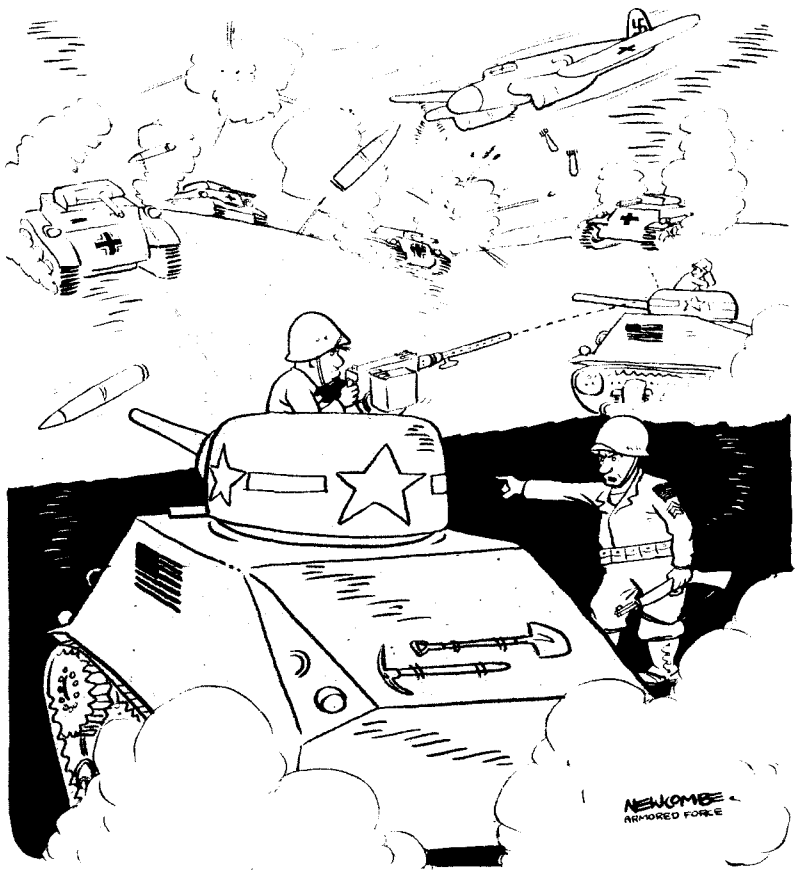
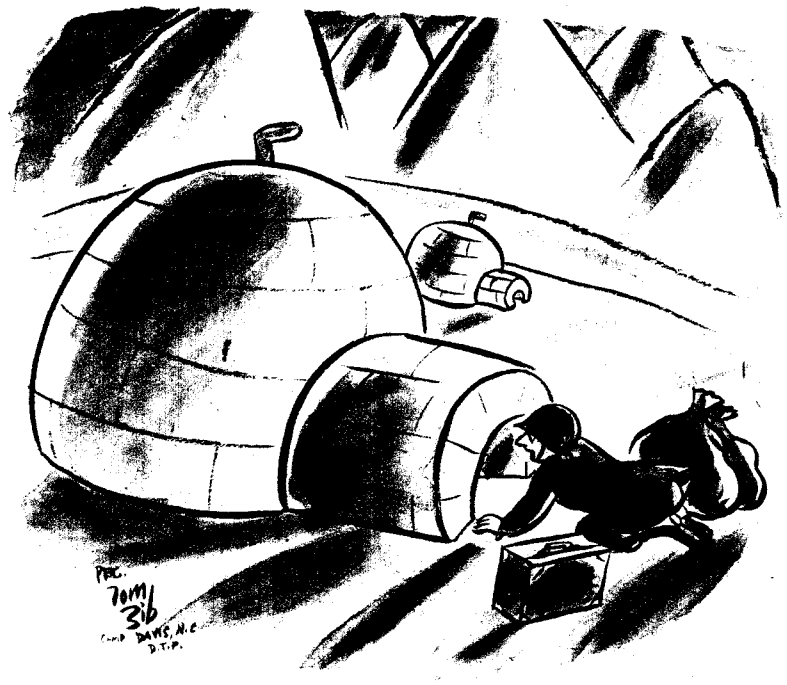
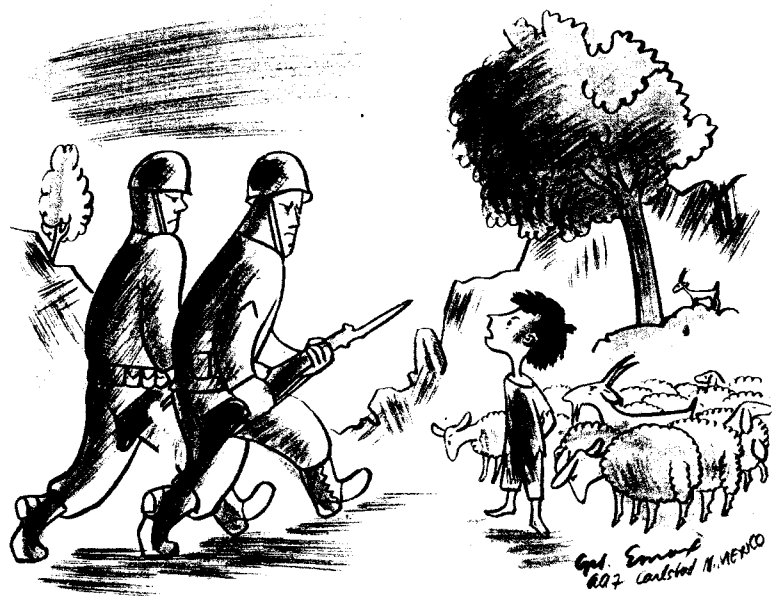


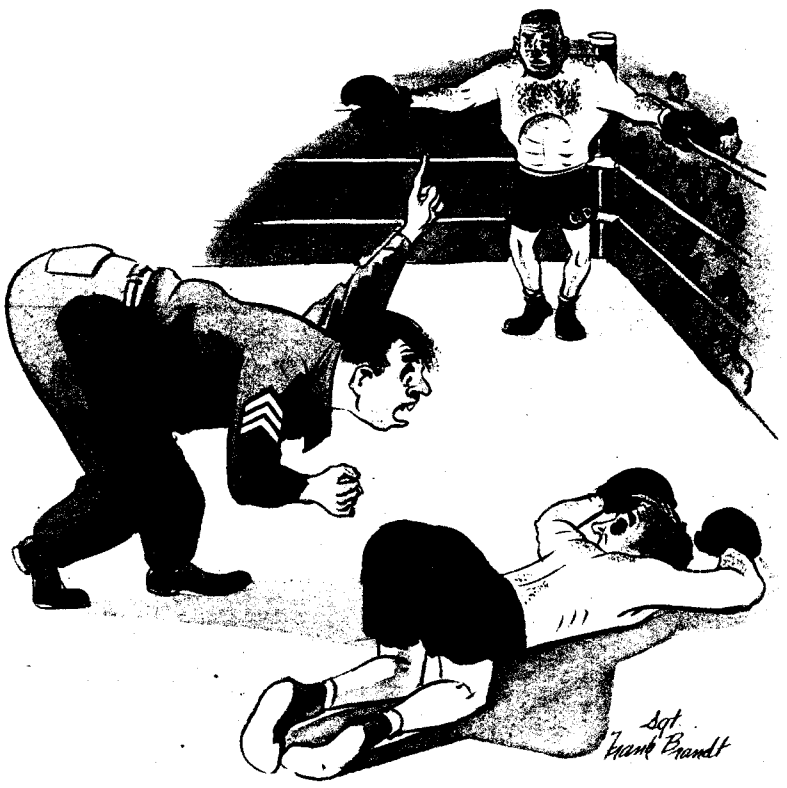
"I DON'T CARE WHAT HE CALLED TH' DODGERS—SHOOT THAT WAY!"
—*Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.*



"THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY EVENING, MISS KINOOK."
—*Pfc. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.*



"BRING ANY LATE COMICS WITH YOU, MEN?"
—*Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. M.*

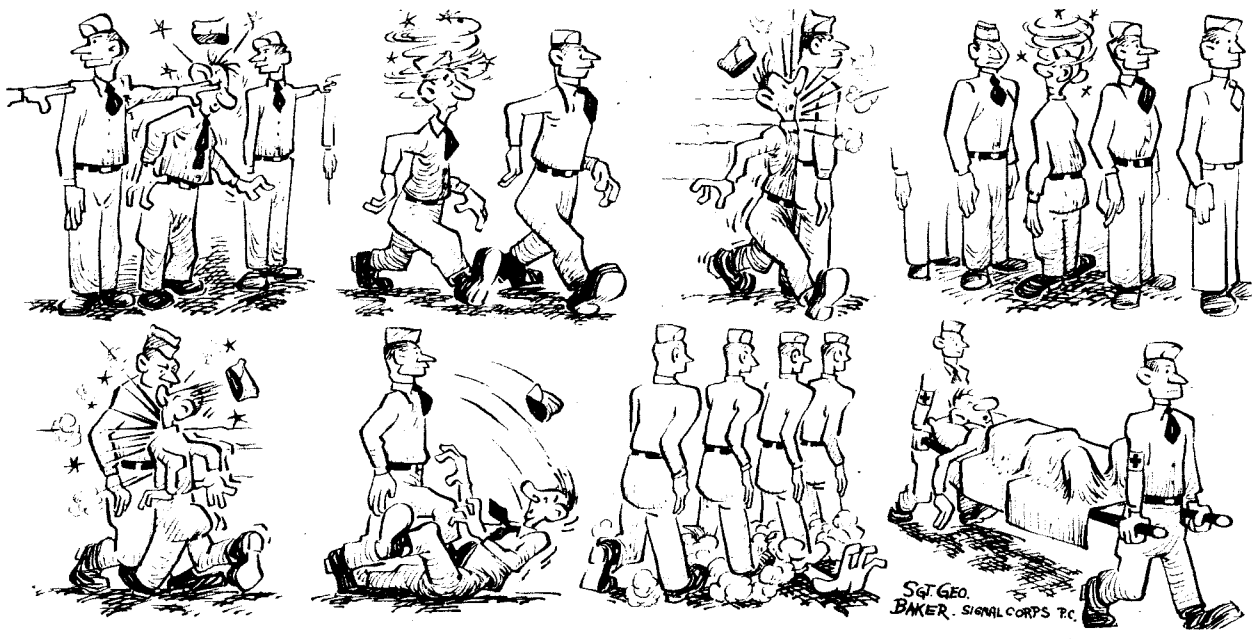


"HUT, TWO, THREE, FOUR. HUT, TWO . . . "
—*Sgt. Frank Brandt*

"SICK CALL"

THE SAD SACK

"DRILL"



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YANK

PIN-UP BONUS

Some Reprinted, Some New

Brenda Joyce

Jean Parker

Alma Carroll

Betty Grable

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Virginia Patton

Doris Merrick

Leslie Brooks

Esther Williams

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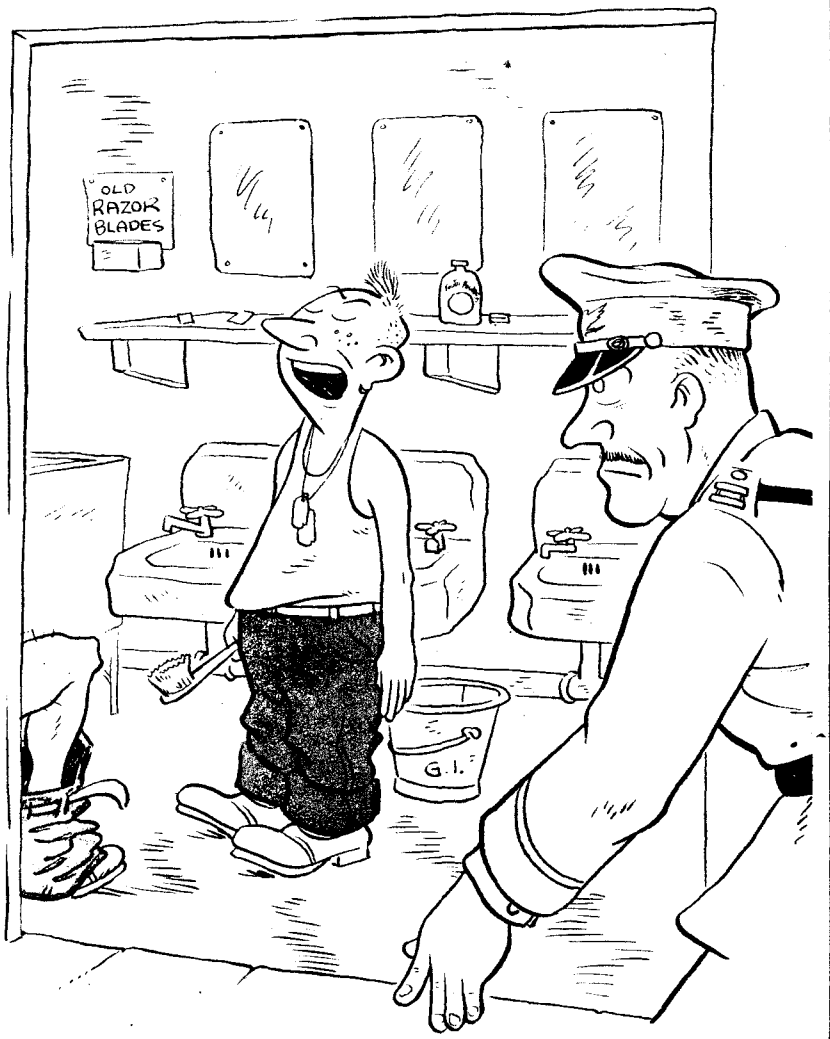
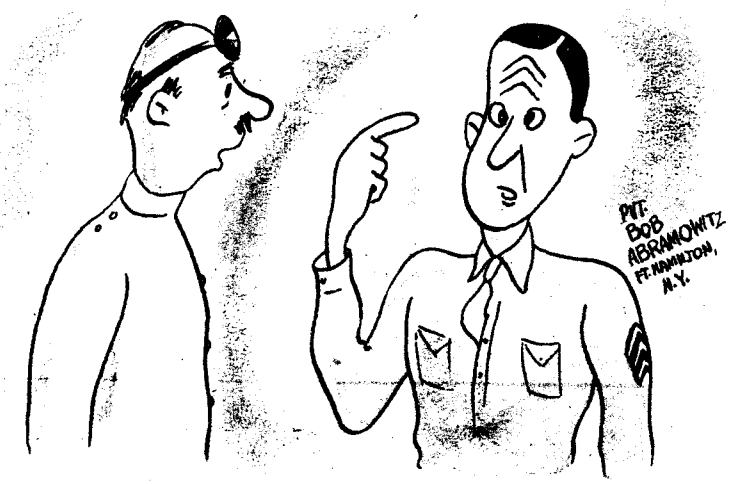
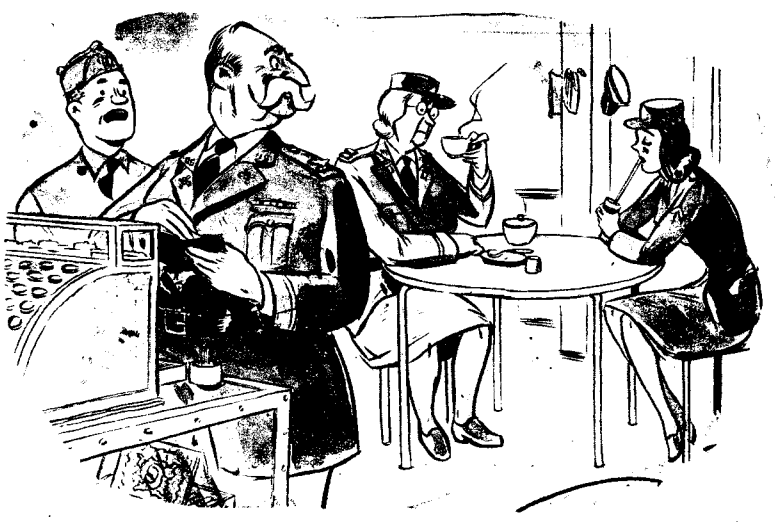


"TEN-SHUN!"
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.

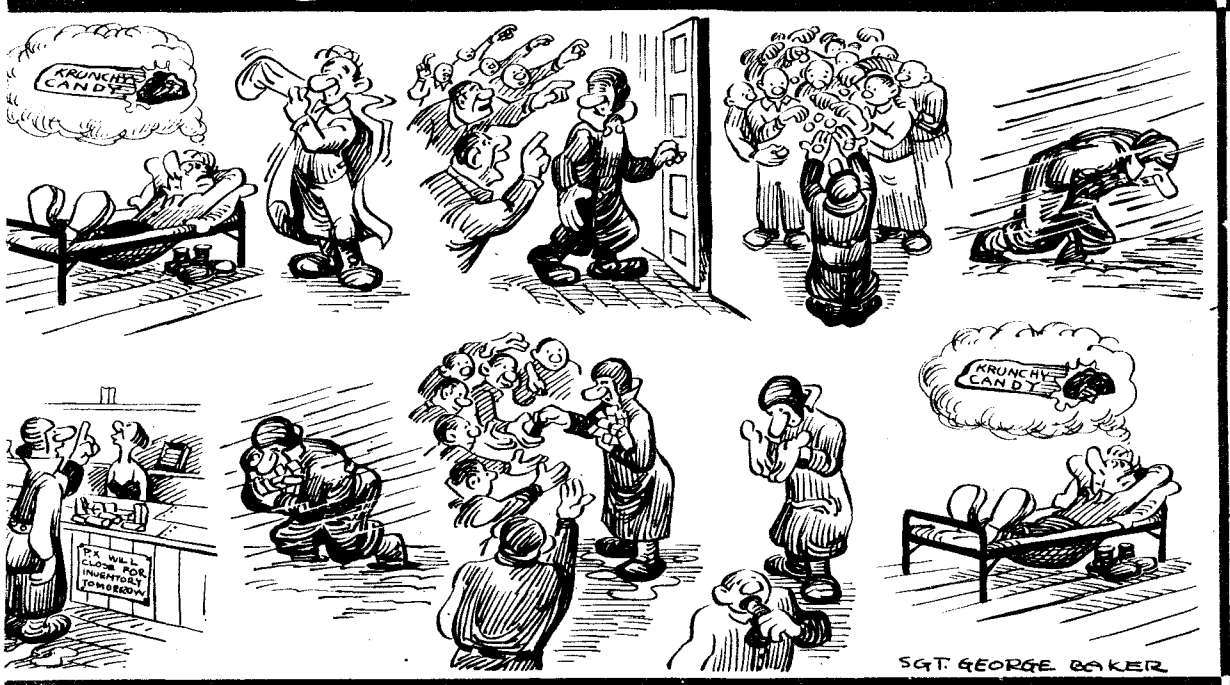


"ALL I KNOW IS, THEY BEGAN DEVELOPING WHEN I BECAME A SERGEANT."
—Pvt. Bob Abramowitz, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.



"REMEMBER, SIR, OFFICER DATES OFFICER!"
—Cpl. O. L. Dudley, Camp Wallace, Tex.

THE SAD SACK "GOIN' TO THE P.X.?"



THE SAD SACK

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"TCH-TCH, MULLIGAN! WHEN I THINK OF THE HOURS I SPENT TEACHING YOU JUDO!"

Cpl. Larry Reynolds, Fort George G. Meade, Md.

"YOUNG MAN, THE IMPORTANCE OF PIGEONS IN THE SIGNAL CORPS HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT OVERESTIMATED."

—Sgt. Ralph Stein

"IT LOOKS LIKE JENKINS IS HAVING A HARD TIME GETTING USED TO THE TROPICS."

—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"PAYDAY"

THE SAD SACK "IN TOWN"

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The SWEETHEART of C. D

By Pvt. WILLIAM SAROYAN

THERE is something in the heart of street dogs which draws them close to men, and there is probably no camp or post of the Army which does not have at least one dog, whether the post is in a Far Western desolation or in a suburb of New York, as my post is.

Our Company D has one of these dogs. He is called Shorty by some of the men, Short End by others and Short Arm by still others. Shorty is small, lazy and given to a bitter attitude toward civilians, including children. Somewhere in Shorty's family is a dachshund, as Shorty has the lines of such a dog, but not the hair.

The theory of the men of Company D is that Shorty spends the greater part of his time dreaming of women—or at any rate women dogs. He doesn't come across such creatures very often; he doesn't come across any kind of dog very often. Whenever he does, male or female, Shorty goes to work and gives the matter a stab, so to speak. It is a half-hearted stab, with Shorty more bored than fascinated and not the least bit sure of what he is trying to do, or whether or not he isn't making a fool of himself.

Now and then Shorty will be discovered in the middle of the street, dreaming of love or whatever it is, while two or three trucks stand by discreetly waiting for him to make up his mind. Shorty may have come into the world thoughtlessly, but it is not likely that he will leave any children standing around. He is either too tired, too troubled or too old, even though he is probably not more than 2.

I have observed that Shorty makes himself available to any man in uniform, bar none, and while our post is made up mostly of men of talent, Shorty is not above giving himself over to the affections of a man of practically no talent at all, such as our top sergeant, who was not in civilian life the famous man he is now. Our top sergeant may be a genius, the same as all the rest of us: Two-Teeth Gonzalez, Bicycle Wilkinson, Henry the One Hundred and Fifty-First Million and all the others. He probably deserves a story all to himself, but somebody else will have to write that story, as I want to write sonnets. (That is, if I ever learn to spell.)

MY HERO is Shorty, not our first sergeant. The sergeant is his mother's hero, I suppose, and I wish to God she'd never let him out of the house. If he thinks getting me to do KP is the way we are going to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, I believe his education has been neglected. That is not the way to do it. Give me a map of the world, a pointer and a good-sized audience and I believe I can figure the whole thing out in not more than an afternoon. The idea that generals are the only kind of Army personnel capable of figuring out ways and means and all that stuff is unsound. For every general there ought to be one private on the ground floor. As it is, half the time I don't know what is being done, what the idea is, or anything else. The result is that I must go out into the yard and whistle for Shorty, who instead of leaping to his feet and running to me opens his eyes and waits for me to run to him.

SHORTY knows me all right, but what kind of planning can you do with a dog, and a sleepy one at that—a day-dreamer, an escapist, a lover of peace, an enemy of children in sailor suits? I don't know who the chaplain of Company D is, but for my money he can pack up and go to some other post, because Shorty is doing the same work and sending in no reports to anybody. He is a quiet creature, he is patient, he will listen to reason or anything else, and he will get up after a half hour of heart-to-heart talk and slowly wag his tail. He will wag thoughtfully, with ef-

THE SAD SACK

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fort, and unless you are blind, you will know what advice he is giving you after carefully considering your case.

Now, there was the celebrated case of Warty Walter, the Genius from Jersey, who had a secret weapon all worked out in his head which he believed could finish the war in two weeks. Warty mentioned this weapon to our top sergeant only to hear the man say, "You do what I say, Warty, or you're going to hear otherwise."

Warty went out into the yard to Shorty and unburdened his heart, whereupon Shorty got to his feet, stretched his body until it hurt, wagged his tail three times, kissed Warty on the hand, turned and began wending his way across the street where a girl of 6 in a sailor suit was looking at a movie billboard. That was the end of Warty's secret weapon. The following day he got his orders to go to Louisiana, took Shorty in his arms to say good-bye, and the war is still going on—a good three months after Warty got his idea for the secret weapon. Our top sergeant said, "If it's a secret, what the hell are you coming to me about it for? Keep it a secret."

Not every man at our post is as brilliant or as sincere as Warty, but I can think of no man who is not as devoted to Shorty. No girl of the USO has done Army morale as much good as Shorty. He may not be a dancing dog, but he's got eyes and many a man's seen a lot of understanding in those brooding eyes—many and many a man.

As for the little girl in the sailor suit, she turned and ran, so that Shorty, not knowing what else to do, went up to a second lieutenant and bit him. The following day there was a notice on the bulletin board saying: "Yesterday an enlisted man was bitten by a dog who might or might not have had rabies. Therefore, in the future, any man caught without his dog tags will be given extra duty." This of course was a subtle way of saying that Shorty had rabies, a lie if I ever heard one.

The basic failing of Shorty, if he must be given a failing, is his love of comfort, his passion for food and his devotion to sleep or The Dream. Shorty probably does not know this is 1943. I doubt very much if he knows there is a war going on, and I am convinced he does not know that the men of Company D are soldiers. I believe he has some vague notion we are orphans.

Shorty eats too much and never does calisthenics. He has seen a lot of men come and go. He has loved them all, and they have all loved him. I have seen big men with barracks bags over their shoulders bend down to whisper good-bye to the sweetheart of Company D, get up with misty eyes, swing up into the truck and wave to the little fellow standing there in a stupor. And I have heard them, as the truck has bounced out of the yard on its way to the war, holler out—not to me or to our top sergeant, but to Shorty: "So long, pal! See you after the war!"

I don't think they will see Shorty after the war. I think he will lie down and die of a broken heart once the boys take off their uniforms. Shorty lives to watch them stand reveille and retreat. All that stuff will stop after the war and Shorty will be out in the cold, just another dog of the streets, without honor, without importance—lonely, unfed, despised and unwanted.

That is why I have written this tribute to him.

ARTIE, THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

GREAT BRITAIN

"WELL, for gaw sake," we said. "What are you doing out of the jug?"

There was Artie Greengroin, big as life and twice as cocky, sauntering along Grosvenor Square, right in the heart of London, where MPs are thicker than cosmoline on a supply sergeant's neck.

"Aw," Artie said, "I beat that rap. It was a pipe. They didn't have nothing on me."

"But what happened to the top?" we asked.

"Three months," said Artie briefly. "Darb of a day, ain't it?"

We grabbed him by the belt. "Wait a minute," we said. "There's something awfully funny here. You mean to say that they never laid a glove on you, but that the top's going to spend the next six fortnights in quod?"

"Thass right," Artie said. "You know, something tells me I'm going to be a corporal one of these days."

"How do you know?" we asked.

"A boid tole me," Artie said, "A little boid."

"Probably a parrot," we said.

"Naw," Artie said, "I think it was a wren. Yeah, thass it. It was a Wren."

"Another dame," we said, "after what the last one did to you with the first sergeant?"

"Never mine that," Artie said. "This one is different. She's a lady. She's got a title. She says she's going to make a gennulman out of me."

"Is she?" we asked.

"Yerse," Artie said.

"What else did she say to you?" we asked.

Artie grinned. "She says I got the smell of the sea in me eyes," he said. "She says I got the heart of a sailor. She's a smart dame, that Wren. I got all them things she says. When I was a kid I used to hang around down by the docks all the time."

"What did you do?"

"I used to fish for flounders," Artie said. "And this doll, she spotted me seafaring background right away. She says she looks on me as a descendant of Drake or somebody. Who is this ole bassar Drake, anyways? I knowed a Willy Drake once. He used to box middle at the Tribulation AC."

"Drake was a great English sailor," we said.

"What did I tell you," Artie said. "That doll really unnerstands me."

"Is she pretty?"

Artie shrugged. "Don't forget they's a war on."

We aren't forgetting for one minute. "How's she fixed for dough?" we asked.

"I tole you she had a title," Artie said, "and if you got a title, you got money. It's nature."

"Oh," we said.

"They don't give you no titles for good looks in the English Isle," Artie said.

"Maybe she'll buy you a yacht," we said.

"Thass a good idea," Artie said. "I'll slip her a spiel on that subjeck next time I see her."

"When's that going to be?" we asked.

Artie dragged out his Ingersoll. "In apperximately six hours and thoiteen minutes," he said.

"You mean to say you're going to see her looking like that?"

Artie surveyed his figure, as crummy as any in the ETO. "Wass the matter with the way I look?" he said. "I'm pressed, shined and poised. I got control over me every gesture."

"Where's your cane?" we wanted to know.

"Me cane?" Artie looked blank.

We said that if we were going out with a title we'd carry a cane.

"Thass a good idea," Artie said. "Thass a very good idea. I'm surprised I never thought of that idea meself. I been needing something to lean on for a long time now. Less see, what else do I need?"

"A hat without a grommet," we suggested.

"You mean I should look dashing, huh?" said Artie. "Maybe you're right. Ain't it a little daring, though?"

"The Air Force does it," we said.

"I'm in the QMC," Artie said glumly.

"The QMC is full of stout hearts and willing hands," we said.

"Thass right," Artie said. "After all, the Air Force drives vehicles in the air and we drive vehicles on the ground. If a air-forceman wants to leave off the grommet from his cap, they's no reason why a QMC can't do the same thing. We got dash, too. Thass what this Army needs. Dash."

"And polished buttons," we said.

"Don't mention them things to me," Artie said. "Them things is a sore subjeck with me. I never polished no gawdam buttons in my life and I ain't going to start for no title. I got honor."

"Hear, hear," we said.

"I think I'll go buy me a cane, though," Artie said.

"Buy a big one," we said.

"And pull out me ole grommet," Artie said.

"Throw it in an MP's face," we said.

"Why," Artie said, "tonight I'll be a new Greengroin, I'll be immaculate. I'll be poised."

"Gently," we said.

"You don't have to worry about me, ole boy," Artie said. "I know how to handle women. I been handling women ever since they stopped handling me when I was 2 years old. I'll go get me a cane and change the whole pitchur of me life."

"BEER PARTY"

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Sgts. Mack Morriss and Howard Brodie covered Guadalcanal for YANK.

Sgt. Jack Scott reports the bomber raids on Germany.

YANK: Its First Year in the Army

Our Sgts. Burgess Scott and George Aarons moved with British Eighth Army.

YANK, the Army Weekly, has been in the armed forces for a year now but many of the soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guardsmen who read it still don't know exactly what YANK is, how it operates and who publishes it. They don't understand the difference between YANK and such publications as the *Stars and Stripes*, the *Infantry Journal* and the *Army Times*.

That is mostly YANK's own fault because, although we write stories and take pictures of everything else in the Army, we don't talk much about ourselves, the enlisted men who put YANK together every week. A few days ago, however, a sergeant who is one of our staff correspondents in the Pacific wrote to us:

"On every island we've hit, the men have been asking us such questions as 'Does YANK have guys like you everywhere?' and 'Are you GI?' In the first anniversary issue, I think we should give them a straightforward explanation of the whole set-up, told simply and without fluff."

To put it simply and without fluff, YANK is strictly GI. We accept contributions only from enlisted men, and the editors, writers, photographers and artists on the staff are all enlisted men, officially attached to Headquarters Branch, Special Service Division, Army Service Forces. The staff also includes two Navy yeomen and a Marine first sergeant.

This detachment is run just like any other Army installation. It has a first sergeant and an orderly room where he makes out the sick book, duty roster and morning report. YANK's morning report is pretty complicated, though. The orderly room is located in the main editorial office in New York, but most of the men are on detached foreign service as writers and photographers in Tunisia, New Guinea, Australia, the South Pacific, Hawaii, Iran, China, Puerto Rico, Panama, India, the Aleutians, Iceland and Cairo.

Being a regulation Army outfit, YANK also has officers but they have administrative rather than editorial authority over the enlisted men in the detachment. They see to it that YANK gets out every week on time and supervise the endless detail of maintaining a staff of GI correspondents all over the world. But the YANK officers have nothing to say about what goes into the pages, except for such things as making sure that the pin-up girls have enough clothes to keep the magazine from being banned from the mail. The enlisted men make most of the editorial decisions.

This is the difference between YANK and other army publications. The excellent technical magazines like the *Infantry Journal* and *Field Artillery* and *Air Force* are edited by officers. The *Army Times* is a civilian publishing enterprise, edited for soldiers, but not by them.

YANK has no direct connection with the *Stars and Stripes* which is a daily Army newspaper in the European Theater of Operations, but that paper works with our British Edition in circulation. We have a closer relationship with the *Stars and Stripes* in North Africa which is separate from the ETO daily. Sgt. Ralph G. Martin and Sgt. Milton Lehman of that *Stars and Stripes* write for YANK, too, and Sgt. Pete Paris, our correspondent in North Africa, contributes to its columns. However, the Middle East newspaper also called *Stars and Stripes* is published by YANK's Cairo Bureau and the Middle East Command, and it has no connection with the other

Cpl. Steve Derry shoots pictures in Britain.

Sgts. Merle Miller and John Bushemi operate from Hawaii.

Sgt. Dave Richardson in New Guinea.

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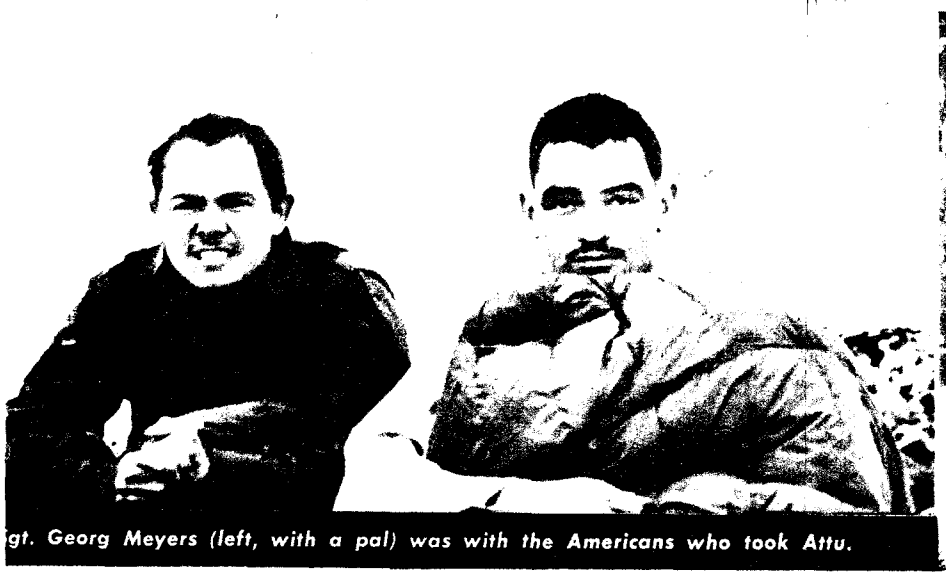

gt. Georg Meyers (left, with a pal) was with the Americans who took Attu.

With camera and typewriter Sgt. Pete Paris reported Tunisian campaign.

The enlisted men's weekly which started in New York with a small staff of noncommissioned editors last June now publishes in three different countries and sends its GI correspondents, photographers and artists with U. S. troops to every part of the world.

two papers of the same name. Are we making ourselves clear?

YANK's publishing operation has expanded rapidly during its first year. When it started last June, YANK printed one rotogravure edition in New York for overseas readers only. After six weeks, it was also circulated in camps at home. Now YANK publishes four editions—two in New York (one for the U.S. and the other for general overseas distribution), a British Edition in London and a Caribbean Edition in Puerto Rico. We are also planning to publish YANK in the Middle East Command, Persian Gulf Command, Australia, Trinidad and Panama, and we hope to publish soon in Hawaii and Alaska.

The main reason for these separate editions is to speed up distribution, which has been a problem since the first issue. Shipping YANK by bulk in convoy ships was slow and uncertain, and it didn't take us long to realize that the only way to guarantee regular and prompt delivery overseas was to print on the spot.

Our first overseas printing operation started in London last November with material flown by air mail from New York. GIs in England, amazed to see copies of YANK that weren't six weeks old, bought out the first British Edition immediately and it has been a big success ever since. With Sgt. Bill Richardson as editor, the British Edition now has its own editorial staff in London and combines the regular YANK features with several special ETO pages that don't appear in other editions.

With that start, YANK branched out overseas. Almost every one of the soldiers who put out YANK's first issue last June has been shipped. As you will notice from the pictures on these pages, YANK writers and photographers work together as teams in foreign theaters of operation.

A lot of GIs think that the enlisted men on YANK are all master sergeants. There isn't one master sergeant on the editorial staff. The managing editor, the editor of the British Edition and three overseas correspondents are tech sergeants. Most of the others are privates, T-5s, T-4s, corporals and buck sergeants who earned their ratings in line outfits before coming to YANK.

As a matter of fact, ratings are damned hard to get on YANK. Sometimes a man goes up one grade just before he is shipped overseas but not as a general rule. Marion Hargrove, for instance, came to YANK as a corporal a year ago before his book "See Here, Private Hargrove" made him famous, and he remained a corporal for eight months, even though he was a featured writer. He was always dropping hints about being the ranking corporal in the Army but nobody paid any attention to him. Finally one day Hargrove went to the managing editor's desk in desperation with a newspaper clipping about a very famous editor who had joined the Marines. When the celebrated journalist reported at Quantico, a lieutenant looked over his record and said, "Do you think you can do as much for the Marines as Hargrove has done for the Army?"

"Look at that," Hargrove roared, waving the clipping. "And me just a poor old beaten-down corporal."

But Hargrove remained a beaten-down corporal until he was sent overseas as a correspondent a few months later. Then he finally made T-4.

When Sgt. Robert Ghio clicks his camera we get photo coverage in India.

Sgt. John Barnes reports the war from China, still wearing his Everett Air Base shirt.

Sgt. Ed Cunningham writes of events in India and Burma.

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HOLLYWOOD. Robert Benchley's next role will be that of a whimsical magazine publisher with an eye for beauty in RKO Radio's "The Sky's The Limit," starring Fred Astaire and Joan Leslie. . . . Claire Trevor sings for the first time in her film career in "The Gunmaster". . . . The title of "This Land Is Mine" carried a special significance for stars Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara and Director Jean Renoir. All three initiated steps to become American citizens while working on the RKO picture. . . . Alfred Hitchcock's habit of appearing briefly in each of the pictures he directs has the cast of "Lifeboat" worried. The entire action takes place in a 26-foot lifeboat and they're wondering where he is going to place his 263 pounds without upsetting the boat—and the picture. . . . Columbia has received a green light from the War Department on "Officers' Candidate School," and Lt. Walter O'Brien, a graduate of OCS at Camp Davis, N. C., has been assigned to act as technical adviser. . . . Monty Woolley, who is making "Holy Matrimony," has been invited to have the imprint of his beard placed in the sidewalk in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, usually reserved for the footprints of film greats.

Claire Trevor

BROADWAY. The Twelfth Night Club, a women's theatrical group, is collecting trinkets to be sent to troops in the South Pacific for barter with the natives. . . . Ilona Massey, recently of "Ziegfeld Follies," is to make a South American good-will tour. . . . "Arsenic and Old Lace" is the fifth play to exceed the 1,000th-performance mark on Broadway. The others were "Lightnin'," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Tobacco Road" and "Life with Father." Two musicals, "Pins and Needles" and "Hellzapoppin," were also so distinguished. . . . Georgie Jessel goes to Hollywood soon to fill a player-producer contract. He will co-star with his ex-wife, Lois Andrews, in one picture he is signed to make. . . . Ann Corio, the ex-burlesque queen, is considering an offer which would co-star her with Maxie Rosenbloom in a Broadway show. . . . Jimmy Durante had a former lady blacksmith, one Hope Emerson, on his radio program recently. She stands 6 feet 2 and weighs 200 pounds.

Ilona Massey

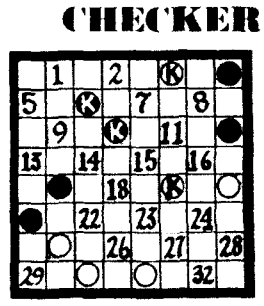
BLOCKBUSTER

CAN you make little ones out of big ones?
Prizes are awarded to those who do the best job of Blockbusting one big word into many little ones. This week's word is

AEROGRAPHICAL

Here are the rules:
1. Using only letters which can be found in the above word, see how many *4-, 5-, and 6-letter* words you can find. Some examples are: CORE, GRAPE, CIPHER.
2. No word may use any letter more often than that letter appears in the word *aerographical*.
3. "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition" will be our authority for acceptable words.
4. Write your name, address and total score at the top of your list. Number your words.
5. Mail your entry to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue. Overseas entries, within six weeks. A YANK Puzzle Kit will be mailed to each of the five highest scorers.

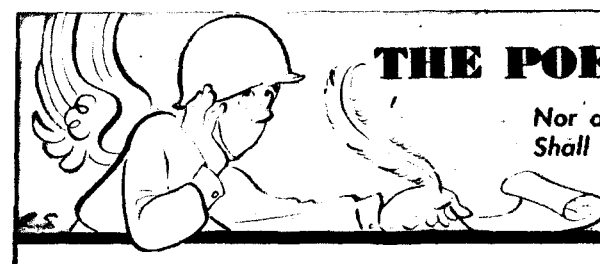
CHECKER STRATEGY



FAIR warning—this one is tough.
So we'll start off by giving you a hint. White makes a few forcing moves, then unleashes the big stroke combination. Black goes down in a blaze of glory.
If that doesn't help, there's the solution on page 30. But first number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

Jane Russell

The caption writer says this is a picture that doesn't need a caption.



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

KEEP IT CLEAN

Soldiers at Atlantic City (N. J.) Army Air Training Center prohibited from singing eight popular army songs.—News Item.

Oh, let your songs be silent
And be your voices mute;
A soldier's not an opera star,
He's just a bloody brute.
A song may lift the sagging heart
And wing the flagging heel,
But pass the order down the line
And there'll be no appeal.

Civilian ears are tender
And soldier songs are crude,
And if some woman heard you sing
She'd think the Army rude.
So button up your lips, my lads,
And trudge along unheard;
A soldier's just a bloody brute,
He's not a blasted bird.

Though singing cuts the miles in half
And speeds the hike along,
"Mademoiselle from Armentieres"
Is not a moral song.
Choose something safe and sacred,
A soldier must not smirch
The Army's honor with a song
Unfit to sing in church.

Oh, the ghosts of other armies
That filed into the past
Will listen to your choruses
And stare at you aghast.
For a dumb and songless army
You lads will have to be
Unless church hymns and lullabies
Will set your voices free.

—Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS
Camp Shelby, Miss.

SOLDIERS WITH A YEN FOR—

Soldiers with a yen for wenches
Usually are found on benches.

Soldiers with a yen for sin
Usually begin with gin

Soldiers with a yen for vice
Find their week ends very nice.

Soldiers with a yen for trollops
Soon regret the usual follow-ups.

—Pfc. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

NOTES ON GUARD DUTY

There's a time 'twixt the day and darkness
That all clock-watching soldiers revile:
When you can't read your watch by the daylight,
Yet you can't read your luminous dial.

—Pvt. JOHN W. SULLIVAN
Beloit College, Wis.

KILL OR BE KILLED

Brass knuckles and knives are your new tools;
Skip the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

Gouge out his eye and kick in his knee,
Knife him from behind when he can't see,
Bludgeon his head and go for his groin,
Honorable ancestor let him join.

Slap the enemy down in the dust,
Using the butt stroke and the short thrust;
Kill with bare hands and let nothing delay
His timely end. Hooray for foul play!

Stamp and crush him with your hobnailed boot;
Bite and kick him. Hell, when do we shoot?

—Sgt. BENJAMIN BORAX
Shreveport, La.

ODE TO MY FOXHOLE

When three quick shots are sounded
And the Nips are overhead,
I wouldn't trade my foxhole
For a pin-up girl in bed.

Ever see Frankie Sinkwich
Streaking downfield for the goal?
Well, he'd look like a turtle
When I'm headed for my hole.

A bomb might have my number
When the Zeros take their toll;
But if they ever get me, Bud,
They must get me in my hole.

—Sgt. MAX SCHERER
New Guinea

WORLD WAR ONE

World War One has started a reign
Of world wars, that is plain;
Or is it just that previous wars
Were given provincial monikers?

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER
Camp Crowder, Miss.

COMPANY STREET

GI MASCOTS. At **Fort Winfield Scott,** Calif., Punchy, an African lion cub; keeper, Sgt. Joseph Bosi. . . . At **Camp Stoneman,** Calif., Kiki, a brown cat; keeper, Sgt. Leo Gustafson. . . . At **Fort Sill,** Okla., an American eagle *(see photo);* captor and keeper, Pvt. Herman Lanier. . . . At an AAF base in **India:** Taps, a monkey; keepers, an ack-ack crew. Every time Taps hears a Jap plane he chatters like hell to warn the crew, then dives for cover. . . . At **Offutt Field,** Nebr., Sgt. Geronimo, a German shepherd paratrooper; keeper, Pvt. Ken Williams. Geronimo has just completed his 13th jump, is now ready for overseas duty.

GUARD DUTY. Pfc. Joe Barbato was on guard duty at **Camp Adair,** Oreg., early one morning when an officer approached. "Halt!" said Barbato. "Who's there?" "Gen. C——," was the answer. "Advance and be recognized," said Barbato. The general advanced, Barbato saw two silver stars and became confused. "Well," barked the general, "should I stand at attention all night?" "No, sir," replied Barbato. *"Parade rest!"*

QUESTIONS. At **Fort MacArthur,** Calif., Pvt. Steve Crane, who is married to Lana Turner, asked his sergeant for a 24-hour pass. "What dya want a pass for?" asked the zebra. "Are you kidding?" replied Crane. . . . "What would you like to do in the Army?" an interviewer asked Pvt. Quinton Chitwood, **Nashville** (Tenn.) **Air Training Center.** "Latrine orderly," replied Chitwood. "What job do you hold now?" "Latrine orderly." "What else have you done in the Army?" "Latrine orderly." . . . Sgt. Allen Gately, **Fort Devens,** Mass., received a letter from his draft board asking him why he hadn't reported for induction. The letter was dated May 12, 1942.

AWOL. Cpl. Fred A. Loese wired his CO at **Westover Field,** Mass.: "SIR, WILL BE AWOL SEVEN DAYS TONIGHT SOUNDS ABSURD BUT BEG LEAVE THREE EXTRA DAYS." His CO wired Loese to come back pronto. He did. . . . Pvt. Fred Stein learned camouflage tricks so well at a **Florida** air base that when he went AWOL it took New Jersey state cops 11 weeks to find his hut a couple of feet off the road. . . . At **Miami Beach** (Fla.) **Army Air Base,** Pvt. Ewen J. McNaron got four months for going AWOL and impersonating movie star Jackie Cooper. . . . At **Desert Training Center,** Calif., 39 pigeons went AWOL because they couldn't stand the heat and snakes.

CHANGE OF ADRRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SERIAL NO. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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What Happened to My ALLOTMENT?

Eleanor Rajca of Belleville, N. J., files record of family allowance at Office of Dependency Benefits. Most of ODB's 9,000 women workers are relatives of GIs. Eleanor's spouse is in North Africa.

If your allotment check isn't arriving at your home safely, don't be too quick to throw the blame on the clerks at the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits. They handle the staggering task of delivering 175 million bucks to 3½ million dependents every month and when they don't succeed, it's usually due to carelessness on your family's end of the line.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

A NEBRASKA farmer whose son is a corporal sent the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits a letter.

"I am writing," he said, "about a letter I got from your office this morning. Since I didn't open the letter I presume it was my family allowance check. I live on a rural route and on my way back from the mail box I laid the mail down by the pasture gate while I went to rescue a drowning chicken in a nearby tank. When I returned, the check was gone, and I presume one of the cows ate it. I hereby make application for a duplicate check, if this letter you sent contained a check."

That is just one more problem for the Office of Dependency Benefits, which sees that the money you ante up out of your pay each month gets government money added to it, and that the total is delivered to your dependent.

That farmer's carelessness not only means a lot of extra work for the ODB, but it also means he must wait about six months for a duplicate check, because there is just a chance that a cow didn't eat the original. Maybe it blew into the window of a passing car and somebody later cashed it. In that case, the dough is gone, and it's too bad.

The ODB gets about 60,000 letters a day, and a lot of them are similar to the one from the Nebraska farmer. For the ODB pays to soldiers' dependents a total of 175 million bucks a month, which is a lot of dough; in fact, it's more than two billion dollars a year. And it's not just a matter of pushing the button that starts an automatic check-writing machine. Every check must be verified to make sure the money gets in the right hands.

Carelessness is not the only thing that delays delivery of your money to your dependents. Confusion causes trouble, too.

Take a gander at this letter from a private in New Mexico. He was applying for a family allowance for his 19 brothers and sisters, which would seem like a tough enough mathematical problem by itself without the addition of this paragraph: "Of course, I have 12 other brothers and sisters, but they are older and married. However, I would like to get a little money for my brother Edwardo's children. Edwardo has broken both his legs and I'm afraid his 11 children will go hungry. My other 43 nephews and nieces are fairly well provided for by the State of New Mexico, so I don't think they'll need government help at the present time."

You can't throw as tough a one as that at the ODB and expect to get an answer in five minutes. But you'll get an answer reasonably soon, that's certain. The board has not had a single question of dependency that it couldn't solve, even though some of them have been enough to test the combined resourcefulness of Einstein, Mandrake the Magician and Dick Tracy.

Then the ODB gets letters like this one from the wife of a pfc. in Philadelphia: "My husband has been in the service nine months and has never sent me one red cent. Whenever I write to him about money matters, he always answers me back with sweet love words. Now I can't live on sweet love words—I need support."

Despite problems like these, the Office of Dependency Benefits figures out, computes and mails 3½ million checks a month to GI relatives. And the business is growing at the rate of 12,000 new family allowances a day.

There have been some squawks from soldiers that, although their pay has been clipped $22 a month, their families are not getting their checks.

Brig. Gen H. N. Gilbert, director of ODB, says there are cases of that kind—about 30,000 of them—but they constitute only 1 percent of the total. "I can assure YANK," the general said, "that 99 percent of all family-allowance checks and Class E allotments-of-pay mailed from this office are safely and promptly delivered into the hands of the proper payees every month."

What about the 30,000? Most of them can't be delivered because ODB doesn't know where to send them. The customers move without notifying ODB of their change of address.

"Every month," the ODB says, "we can expect about 30,000 checks to be returned undelivered. If your dependent is not getting his or her check, the first thing to do is write to us. Then we know where the dependent lives, and the chances are 30,000 to 1 that there will be no more trouble."

Some confusion arises because it takes about 60 days for the machinery to start working. Suppose you apply (or your dependent applies) for a family allowance during June. The first deduction from your pay is on the July pay roll. The first payment to your dependent goes out the first of August. So don't expect instant action. Wait three months; then if payments are not being made, you can find out why not.

Very few checks are stolen; people who try to cash U. S. government checks illegally have a habit of getting caught. But too many checks are mislaid after the ODB has done its work. The first thing the ODB gets is an excited letter from a dependent, and this starts an investigation.

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Cpl. Patsy Cianicullo's wife and baby of Newark, N. J., visit ODB to inquire about family allowance.

Doris Ellison (left) of ODB tells wife of Pvt. Edwin Bartlett her FA application has been approved.

Mrs. Josephine Rowe, with son Bobby, asks about allowance of her husband Pvt. Lewis F. Rowe, Engr.

The thousands of letters the ODB gets indicate that a lot of soldiers and their families don't know the score on the family allowances. To clear up this confusion, Maj. Anson D. Clark of ODB gives us these questions that are most commonly asked and the straight answers to them:

Q. What is a family allowance?

A. It is the government check sent monthly to a soldier's dependent (or maybe dependents) from money deducted from the soldier's pay, plus money added by the government. It is not paid until the soldier or, in some cases, the dependent, applies for it.

Q. Is there more than one kind of family allowance?

A. Yes. There are two kinds. The Class A allowance is for wives and children. The Class B allowance is for dependent parents and minor dependent brothers and sisters, and some others.

Q. How much is taken from your pay for a family allowance?

A. For Class A relatives alone, $22 a month. For Class B dependents alone, $22 a month. For Class A and Class B together, $27 a month.

Q. How much do dependents get?

A. It varies according to the dependents. A wife gets $50 a month. A wife and child, $62. Wife and two children, $72. Father and mother, $47. Wife and parents, $80. But there are about 350 different combinations. The largest family allowance right now goes to the family of a private named Pinkerton, in Chicago, Ill. His wife and 10 children get $152 a month.

Q. Can anybody get an allowance?

A. No. Only enlisted men up to staff sergeants or T/3. Staff sergeants and above, or T/3s and above, are out of luck.

Q. Can your relative apply, or must the soldier do it himself?

A. Class A allowance can be applied for by the relatives or by the soldier. Class B allowances can be applied for by soldiers or relatives, but the soldier must consent before a deduction is made.

Q. Suppose I don't want a Class A allowance made, even though I have a wife and children.

A. That's too bad. They get it anyway if they apply. They've got to prove the relationship, however.

Q. Suppose I have a divorced wife to whom I was paying alimony. Can she collect?

A. She sure can, but she's got to prove you owe her alimony.

Q. How do you apply for an allowance?

A. There is only one way. You, or your relative, make out form WD AGO 625. Army reception centers have them, also recruiting stations, Red Cross offices, Service Command headquarters, and of course the ODB office.

Q. What proof is needed that the person really is your relative and dependent?

A. Proof must be submitted attached to the application. The ODB will take certified copies of marriage certificates, birth records of your children, and sworn statements from persons who know the other dependents. But you must have proof. Otherwise, no dough.

Q. Suppose several persons are eligible. Is the money sent all in one check to be divided by them?

A. That's up to you or your dependents. If you want separate checks, they'll be sent. But children under 16 or mentally incapacitated adults can't have checks made out to them; someone responsible gets the money for them.

Q. Can aviation cadets get these allowances?

A. No. They aren't low enough in grade.

The rules really are quite simple and work out very well. Occasionally a soldier beefs when his wife corners part of his money without his consent, but not often. And once in a while a squawk arises when a soldier gets nicked by a wife with whom he hasn't been friendly lately.

One disenchanted GI in Australia roared when he heard that his wife was getting an allowance. It was the first he knew of it. Sore as hell, he wrote the ODB that he wouldn't cough up a dime. "That babe," said he, "caused me more trouble than six months of intimate life with mud, snakes and sandfleas. I was separated from her a year before I joined the Army. She never asked for money then. Why should I give it to her now?"

Unfortunately he was stuck. Under the law she's his wife and entitled to the allowance.

The ODB also has a service called Class E allotment-of-pay in addition to the family allowance. This is strictly a service, however, and the government does not add to the kitty. Any soldier, of any rank, officer or EM, can sign form WD AGO 29 and have money deducted from his pay to be sent to his dependents, or to an insurance company to pay premiums, or to a bank for his own account. Officers can have their whole pay sent in this manner if they desire. Enlisted men can send their whole pay except $10. GIs must keep out $10 pocket money. A Class E allotment is strictly voluntary. Right now about a million and a half men are taking advantage of it, 77 percent of whom are EM.

There's nothing to stop you from having a Class E allotment in addition to your family allowance, provided you're eligible for a family allowance. There is nothing, either, to prevent you from discontinuing, increasing or decreasing the Class E allotment at any time. But you can't discontinue the Class A allowance unless you get to be a staff sergeant or T/3 or higher, in which case you become automatically ineligible for it. You can discontinue Class B.

One thing to remember about Class E allotment-of-pay. Suppose you've had $75 a month going to your bank at home. You get promoted to technical sergeant and decide to send $100 home instead. In filling out the allotment form, be sure you authorize the $100 deduction in full. If you just say you want another $25 deducted, you throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

A GOOD thing to remember about all this allowance and allotment business is this: if you don't know exactly what to do, hunt up somebody who can tell you. Overseas, the Red Cross, the Special Service and the chaplains can answer your questions. In this country, your families can get in touch with Army Emergency Relief, Red Cross or write directly to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J. Or so can you, for that matter.

In its 10 months of operation, ODB has run into some screwy situations. One resourceful gal married six different privates in less than a year, expertly keeping the trick from both the soldiers and the ODB. She was collecting six different family-allowance checks before the law nabbed her for bigamy.

There was also the curious case of the buck sergeant from Indiana who had three wives and no divorces. Each wife applied for a family allowance. As it turned out, wife No. 1 was the only one eligible, because the other two marriages were not legal. Wife No. 2 gladly washed her hands of the whole business. Wife No. 3, however, said she'd forego the allowance if she could keep the sergeant. "He's a fine man," she said. "He has only one bad habit; he smokes."

Occasionally authorities get a letter that makes them feel that everybody is not just out looking for money. Here is a letter, written on plain tablet paper, that was received by the ODB:

"Thanks for offering me the family allowance but I won't take it now as I am able to work and my son overseas sends me money which I can use some of it if I need it. I am saving it for him. I would rather for my part to go to a mother who has little children to feed, and can't get out to work. My son has no brothers and sisters under age."

Having Trouble With Your Family Allowances?

Clip this out and send it to your dependent. One or more of these points may explain why your check is not being delivered.

1. Is your name plainly printed on your letter box? If not, the postman can't deliver a U. S. government check. If you live in an apartment, be sure your name is on the door, even though you live with another family.

2. Stay home on the day you expect the check to come, until after the postman calls. Ask the postman to put the envelope in your own hands. Then it can't get lost.

3. Cash the check at the same place each month. Then you won't have trouble identifying yourself.

4. Do NOT write your own name on the back of the check until the very moment when you cash it. If you write in your name before you leave home and lose the check on the way downtown, you can kiss that money good-bye because anybody can cash it then.

5. Be sure to sign the check exactly as it is made out. If it is made out Mrs. John J. Smith and you, Mrs. John J. Smith, are signing it, don't sign it "Mrs. Anna Smith." Be sure to fill out ALL the information on the back of the check.

6. If you move, report *immediately* by mail, giving your new address to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J. Don't lose a day in making this report, or you may lose a month's money.

If you've got allowance or allotment problems, shoot your questions to YANK, Dependency Benefits Dept., 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., and we'll give the straight official answers.

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NEWS from Home

ARKANSAS

Arkansas River flood waters cut off Camp Robinson's water supply, compelling the use of emergency wells and sending hundreds of soldiers to Little Rock for baths. Lightning killed L. D. Bryant and Joseph D. Ester while they were at work in a field near De Witt. Ouachita College graduated 97 seniors at Arkadelphia. Maj. James H. Penick, Little Rock banker and veteran of the first World War, re-entered the Army as a fiscal specialist. A state-wide drive was started for 10,000 canning-plant workers. Meeting at Hot Springs, the Arkansas-Missouri Cotton Ginners Association elected John Roberts of Memphis, Tenn., as president.

CALIFORNIA

The Navy announced it would keep Treasure Island as a base after the war. At San Diego, four men were found guilty of the kidnaping and rape of the 19-year-old wife of an Army lieutenant. Lassen County offered $500 reward for the conviction of anyone caught stealing livestock. Al Bolin, Alhambra "Y" secretary, was drafted. Pasadena Junior High students picked 15,000 boxes of oranges. The WMC ordered industry in the seven counties in the San Francisco Bay area to operate 48 hours a week to meet the labor shortage. La Mesa held a reception for Mrs. Arvilla Beckman, 80, California's oldest policewoman. The Southern Pacific Railroad is using 3,000 women on jobs formerly held by men. A six-alarm fire swept a square block of Oakland's warehouse district, threatening the Moore Drydock Co. shipyards.

CONNECTICUT

With the leasing of Hotel Sheridan to the government, Manchester became the only town of its size in the U. S. without a hotel. Hailstones the size of marbles broke windows and damaged gardens in Middletown. Fire destroyed the Marvelous Dye and Printing Co. plant at Derby. Children were blamed for damaging half of Naugatuck's parking meters so badly they could not be used. Danbury became embroiled in a community argument after it was discovered the servicemen's honor roll in Elmwood Park was embellished with the fasces symbol of ancient Rome; under pressure Mayor Hannan ordered the symbol removed, then changed his mind, and Rabbi Malino refused to join in the Memorial Day dedication of the scroll, contending the symbol suggested Italy's Fascist emblem.

FLORIDA

At Tallahassee, the Legislature voted to allow servicemen and women stationed in the state to take advantage of its 90-day divorce law; also passed—a bill forever prohibiting ownership of Florida real estate by persons of Japanese nativity and a labor-regulation bill prohibiting strikes except by majority vote of union members. A four-alarm fire destroyed the Red Cross drug store on Flagler Street, Miami. The Army has Jacksonville's principal airport and the Navy was about to take over its field on the beach road. Willis A. Briggs of Augusta lost a suit for compensation on an appeal to the Florida Supreme Court because, although he had felt a flea bite him while at work, he had not seen it. Died at Palm Beach: Admiral Henry Wiley, 76, commander of the U. S. Fleet from 1927 to 1929.

ILLINOIS

Gov. Green signed bills giving Illinois war veterans State University scholarships and free admission to the State Fair. After an automobile collision involving a Joliet Prison car, the chauffeur unlocked the handcuffs of convict Frank Covelli, who then helped revive his guard, knocked unconscious in the crash. East Moline delayed the dedication of its plaque for servicemen because it was too small to hold all their names. Farmers pooled equipment and labor to plant crops delayed by floods. At Chicago, sailors under 21 from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station were used as decoys in a police drive on saloons accused of selling to minors; Frank Skid and Joe Gironda turned their gasoline station into a livery stable.

INDIANA

The Rev. Andrew J. Patrick, Dover Hill minister, was gored to death by a bull. At Elkhart, Mrs. Eldon Madlem was arrested after plastering the office of Justice of the Peace Myers with rotten eggs. Oil, sucked from power-line transformers by a miniature twister, fell like rain at Kokomo. Carl Burt, athletic director at Manchester College for 18 years, resigned to become superintendent of schools at Warsaw. A $75,000 fire destroyed the Bowden Stone Co. mill at Bedford. Mrs. Solenia Long, believed destitute by her Goshen neighbors, died leaving $900 in cash, 4,000 jars of home-canned fruit and a 1918 Ford. Floods destroyed half of Petersburg's strawberry crop and made 50,000 acres of crop land in the state unsuitable for replanting.

IOWA

Inmates of Wapello County Home were sent to other institutions after its three wells went dry. Ottumwa passed a curfew ordinance and Iowa City planned to invoke an old one. Former Gov. Kraschel's son Dick, 24, was killed at Niagara Falls, N. Y., when his chute failed to open after he jumped from a plane he was testing. Corwith defeated Moneta 9-8 to win the state high-school baseball title. Des Moines East High won the state track meet; Dave Williams of Ottumwa set a discus record of 146 feet 9¾ inches. William Straub, Paullina farmer, was fined $300 and placed on probation for attempted draft bribery in the interest of his son. Died at Decorah: Mrs. Gertrude Hegg, 102.

KANSAS

Gov. Schoeppel asked for immediate farm labor and machinery to prevent millions of acres of productive land in southeast Kansas from going to waste. The only laundry in Dickinson County (pop. 23,000) closed at Abilene. President Butcher retired after heading Emporia State Teachers College for 30 years. Shawnee County farm buildings suffered $100,000 damage from tornadoes. Don F. Geyer, school principal at Hays, was named principal of the Van Buren School in Topeka. A horse owned by the Hills Packing Co., on the loose in Tokepa, foraged many Elmwood Street victory gardens.

KENTUCKY

Reports from 27 counties show Kentucky will be short 2,545 teachers when schools open next fall; in McCracken County half a dozen ministers have offered to teach. Covington police broke up mobs threatening the life of Harry Miller, indicted on charges of attempted rape of two children under 12. Louisville's Mayor Wyatt was back after completing an 8-week assignment for the Board of Economic Warfare in North Africa. Allen County's new $100,000 high school burned. The Owensboro oil field was booming since the opening of a 250-barrel-a-day well on Tom Miller's farm. Mrs. Oma Massie, 30, became Frankfort's first woman bus driver.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Harvard *Crimson*, undergraduate daily, voted to suspend for the duration, but editors said they would publish a semi-weekly for the 8,000 servicemen at the university. Worcester County apple growers expected a bumper crop. At Southbridge, the American Optical Co. announced the use of common household drugs in two new types of sandless glass. Medford's Mayor Carr was commissioned a major in the Army Reserve and George L. Callahan, president of the Board of Aldermen, will fill out Carr's unexpired term. Shades were removed from Brockton's traffic lights as dimout restrictions were eased. At Worcester, Patsy's Main Street barber shop offered a self-shave for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN

Henry Ford, 79, became president of the Ford Motor Co., succeeding his son Edsel, who died of a stomach ailment. At Saginaw, the first Jamaicans recruited to work sugar-beet and bean fields arrived. Ionia residents in a special election approved the establishment of a municipally operated hospital. Lewis G. Hoffman, justice of the peace at Three Oaks, was thrown from his buggy and fatally injured when his horse bolted. Secretary of State Dignan sold his hardware store at Owosso. A $35,000 fire which destroyed a house and garage threatened the entire village of Argyle. Calhoun County has paid $1,200 in fox bounties at $5 a head.

MINNESOTA

With only five fatalities the first quarter of this year, St. Paul was first in its population class in the U. S. in reducing traffic deaths. Thomas and Juan Moreida and Seraido Cruz, teen-age youths, were on trial at Fergus Falls for the alleged kidnaping and assault of Mrs. Minnie Gjelton. David Hillman, Minneapolis infant who weighed 24 ounces at birth, celebrated his first birthday by weighing 21 pounds. The State Executive Council announced a 5-year program to develop 10,000 acres of public hunting grounds in the Whitewater area of Winona County. Motorists whose license plates have become illegible can buy a new pair for 50 cents under a new state law.

MISSISSIPPI

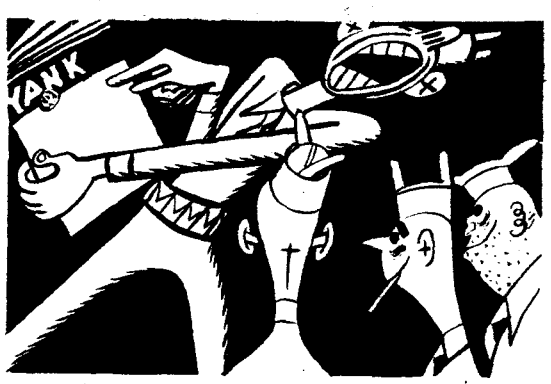
Mrs. Frank Hill, 21, of Biloxi gave birth to triplet girls. The Broad Street Methodist Church in Hattiesburg was dedicated by Bishop Decell of Birmingham, Ala. Paul Cato, a member of the Senate, married Mildred Alexander of Montrose, a member of the House, at Jackson. The famous 155th Infantry, seventh oldest regiment in the U. S., celebrated homecoming day at Camp Shelby with a review. T. B. Murphree, former gridiron star at Mississippi College, was named Hattiesburg High coach. Vera Anderson, 19-year-old welder in the Ingalls Shipyard, defeated Mrs. Hermina Strmiska from Henry Kaiser's Oregon shipyard to win the U. S. woman-welder championship at Pascagoula.

MISSOURI

Near Hannibal, five escaped penitentiary prisoners, captured in Ohio, overcame guards returning them, but one guard successfully talked them out of a second escape. Quick marriages leading to early divorces led Circuit Judge Sartorius of St. Louis to assail the St. Charles "marriage mill." Three GAR veterans, ages 94 to 100, attended the state encampment at St. Louis. The House passed a bill outlawing fortune telling. At St. Louis, Dr. John H. Simon, thrice candidate for mayor, killed himself; Sumner High won the 14th annual Negro public high-school field meet at the Public Schools Stadium.

NEBRASKA

The 1943 national American Legion convention will be held in Omaha Sept. 21-23. The Uni-



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A Round-Up of the Week Back in the States

versity of Nebraska graduated 906 seniors. The Rev. Robert P. Hupp, assistant rector of St. Margaret Mary's Catholic Church, Omaha, became a Navy chaplain. Dog lovers and victory gardeners were feuding at Scottsbluff. Two GAR veterans, J. H. Allbee, 98, of Minden and R. E. Coleman, 93, of Lincoln, attended the state encampment at Fremont. South High won Omaha's high-school baseball title. Federal housing projects were approved for Sidney, Bruning, Fairmont, Grand Island and Harvard.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Figures over a 20-year period show Laconia to be the fastest growing New Hampshire community. Stuart Kingsbury, coach at West Lebanon High for five years, signed a contract to teach and coach at Newport, Vt. The Hollis Congregational Church observed its 200th anniversary. Mrs. Fred Anglehof, wife of the president of the University of New Hampshire, was learning to milk a cow at Durham. State troopers were campaigning against cattle rustlers; new legislation requires licensing of all persons transporting livestock except farmers and common carriers.

NEW MEXICO

Gov. Dempsey asked state departments to build up surplus funds to finance post-war work for returning soldiers. Bernalillo County farmers formed a "co-op" to buy equipment to cultivate potatoes. The annual San Felipe Fiesta was held for two days in Old Town. Stockmen complained that meat rationing threatened to overstock the ranges. Ration-book enrollment showed New Mexico's population as 515,332, a drop of 25,000 since the 1940 census. Mass was said in the 150-year-old San Jose Church of Ranchos de Atrisco for the first time in 18 years.

NEW YORK

Gov. Dewey closed the Whiteface Memorial Highway for the season because of the pleasure-driving ban. Middletown celebrated the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the first Erie Railroad train there; a historical parade depicted "The Evolution of Transportation." Fulton County milk dealers began every-other-day deliveries. Brig. Gen. Gillespie, commandant of Watervliet Arsenal, said the largest cannon factory in the world would open there in July. At Amsterdam, a $200,0000 fire destroyed the McGibbon Building. The *Greater Buffalo*, second luxury steamer converted to an inland-training aircraft carrier, was commissioned at Buffalo. At Corning, over 30,000 gallons of gasoline burned after an Erie Railroad wreck in which 11 tank cars were derailed. Died at Elmira: Edwin Morris, 96, the city's last Civil War veteran.

OHIO

State liquor rationing started with one quart a person each month. Dr. Karl C. Leebrick, president of Kent State University, was not rehired by the board of trustees. A terrific rainstorm flooded the business and residential sections of Elyria. The Legislature voted to allow members of the armed forces to fish, hunt and trap without license and to provide $80 annual tuition in any Ohio college for returning soldiers. Toledo city officials threatened action against downtown building owners whose tenants are in the numbers racket. At Cincinnati, three bandits held up five employees of the Sinton Hotel and escaped with $50,000 worth of jewelry and $10,000 in cash.

OKLAHOMA

After a month-long police controversy at Sand Springs, Wes Carmack resigned as police chief and gave up the keys to the city jail to his successor, Otis Wilson. Harry Wahlgren, chief of Oklahoma City's U. S. Weather Bureau, left to take up a similar post in St. Louis. Oklahoma's A & M College at Stillwater was allocated $16,000 to buy additional dairy farm land. At Miami, cops braved exploding ammunition inside a blazing car to save three of the car's tires. Tulsa beer dealers fought a new law banning dancing in beer taverns. Out-of-state absences caused Oklahoma to have four different occupants of the governor's chair within a week—Gov. Kerr; Robert N. Berry, lieutenant governor; Tom Anglin, president *pro tem*, of the Senate, and Harold Freeman, speaker of the House.

PENNSYLVANIA

Katherine, Rita and Anna Mae Noonan of Drexel Hill married, respectively, a soldier, sailor and marine. Burglars finally gave up an attempt to remove a 1,000-pound safe from the garage of D. Jacoby and Sons at Allentown. Three schools in Duryea were quickly emptied when mine workings beneath the surface settled. The Philadelphia Transportation Co. was training women motormen. At Pittsburgh, Dr. Franz Fielder, German-born chemist, got a 10-year sentence for sedition, charged with attempting to impair the morale of servicemen by letters he wrote them. Cpl. Joseph Selenack of Fort Knox, Ky., was killed when he drove his tank off the road near Philadelphia to avoid collision with a school bus. The Lebanon County Twilight League was reorganized with five teams.

RHODE ISLAND

The Cornell-Dubilier Electric Corp. of Providence sought to reduce absenteeism by raffling two $25 War Bonds a week. Barrington dedicated a servicemen's honor roll. The Catholic clergy and laity of Pawtuxet Valley honored the Rev. Zephyrin Peloquin, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Natick, on the 50th anniversary of his ordination. Forty-one business and professional men joined the Providence Police Mobile Radio Patrol. Newman Church at Rumford, the oldest Congregational Church in the state, celebrated its 300th anniversary. County Agent Abbey warned Newport County farmers to guard against cattle and poultry rustling.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Judge Mann canceled a court term in Calhoun County to avoid interference with farm work. Claud E. Tate of Columbia was elected president of the South Carolina Junior Chamber of Commerce. A reward was offered for the capture of Fred W. Poole, accused of the fatal shooting of John Kelly at Kelly's home near Columbia. The Rev. Harold W. Seever, pastor of Bainbridge Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., was named pastor of the First Baptist Church at Florence. Jake S. Colvin became treasurer of Chester County as successor to Isaac Cross, found dead in his car, apparently the victim of an accidental shooting.

TENNESSEE

At Union City, Bill Deering, 21, and Harry Kennon, 51, each got 99 years in the murder of former Sheriff J. R. McCain, whom Kennon had blamed for burning Kennon's roadhouse. Nashville's Mayor Cummings was re-elected and his supporters won four of seven Council seats in the run-off election. At Memphis, the First and Union Avenue Baptist Church congregations voted against merging. Chattanooga's first lion cub was born in the Warner Park zoo. Bus and streetcar riding in Memphis was double what it was a year ago. At Jackson, 30 law-enforcement officers attended a conference sponsored by the FBI.

TEXAS

A 5-year 125-million-dollar post-war highway program was being considered in Houston for 10 southeast Texas counties. Fingerprints taken when he applied for work in an Orange shipyard resulted in the capture of Wilbert Hard, who escaped prison 27 years ago at Joliet, Ill. Before adjourning, the Legislature refused to increase taxes and lowered appropriations. Mrs. Nora L. St. John, 29, of Houston, whose son is an 18-year-old private in the Army, is believed to be the youngest service mother in the nation.

UTAH

The Legislature reduced residence requirements for divorce from one year to three months. Farmers reported an ample labor supply, but sheep men said that flock masters were having difficulty getting shearers. Construction started on a 341-unit, 2-million-dollar privately financed housing project at Provo. Ira Stormes, sole surviving GAR member in Utah, held his annual one-man encampment and re-elected himself commander. Much of the movie "Buffalo Bill" will be filmed in southern Utah. Granite High, Salt Lake City, won the state high-school track meet at BYU, with Ogden second. Died at Salt Lake City: Sylvester Q. Cannon, 77, president of the Deseret Publishing Co. and member of the LDS Church Council of Twelve Apostles.

VIRGINIA

A murder warrant was issued against T. W. Clatterbuck, Hillsboro businessman, who police said had confessed the murder of A. Morris Love, Love's wife and son and two other persons at the Love farmhouse near Leesburg. The U. S. paid $47,000 for 960 acres in Campbell and Charlotte Counties for a national shrine to Patrick Henry. Richmond's first American Legion unit composed exclusively of veterans of this war was formed by 90 honorably discharged servicemen. Dr. James W. Tipton, Danville physician, was fined $20,000 for income-tax evasion. The state announced plans to complete the Blue Ridge Parkway after the war.

WASHINGTON

Seattle's Mayor Devin ordered Police Chief Kimsey to "resign or be fired" because of alleged vice conditions; Capt. Irene Durham of the women's division was appointed head of the vice squad. Yakima County again headed the apple-producing counties of the U. S. More than 100 pupils and teachers from McLane School near Olympia were victims of food poisoning at a picnic celebrating the end of the school year. A guernsey cow gave birth to quadruplets on Emil Dolter's farm near Burlington. Ronald Paranto, Tacoma shipyard worker, his wife and two young daughters perished when their house burned near Yelm. Agricultural Agent Johnston was seeking city dwellers to work King County farms.

WISCONSIN

F. Robert Buechner, dismissed as Superior's city manager last fall, was rehired by the new City Council. Crawford County's sheriff, Mrs. Helen Day, started cleaning out slot machines around Prairie du Chien. Crop prospects were good but corn will be late. The Polish National Alliance Home in Milwaukee was dedicated. Brookfield taverns were ordered to close at 2 A. M. Mrs. Glenn Frank, widow of the former U W president, gave his library of 5,000 volumes to the State Teachers College at Kirksville, Mo. Died at Oconomowoc: Col. Gustave Pabst, former president of the Pabst Brewing Company, at 76.

New York City's Fifth Avenue looked like that lonesome road after gas cuts drove off busses temporarily.

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PX CHANGE

The Bathrobe Blues

THE last thing I remember is that Judo class. . . . The hospital isn't bad. It's just different from what I'd been led to expect after all those Dr. Kildare movies. It isn't the doctors who ride in the wheel chairs at all. In this hospital the patients do it. And all those other things they had in the movies—Laraine Days and sleepless nights, glittering instruments, Technicolor and the romance of the language of medicine ("Don't touch me, nurse, I'm sterile")—none of them is here.

The only vestige of glamor is to be found in the charm of the nurse, a Miss Tangerine Sandbag from Portland, Cement. After a day in bed I was sort of bored. In fact I was so bored *rigor mortis* was setting it; then I saw Miss Sandbag. She had just been sent to our ward from her regular job of retouching X-rays of second lieutenants. Miss Sandbag has big blue eyes, swaying hips and, as they say medically, is quite a dish.

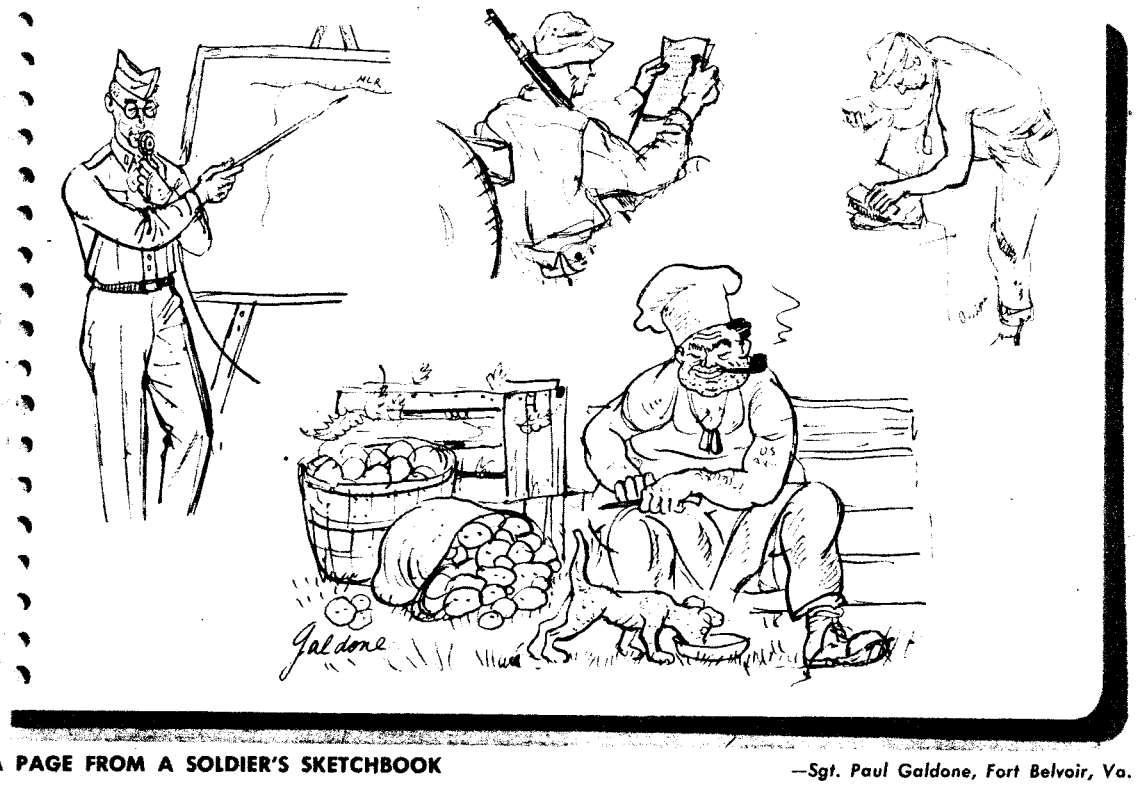
I looked at Miss Sandbag and I could feel my temperature rising. "101," cried the doctor. "102," shouted a ward boy. "103," screamed a warrant officer (junior grade) who happened to be passing. "When it reaches 104," I said, "sell."

"Aha," said the doctor, "a bedpan comedian."

I never imagined I'd spend any time thinking of how nice it would be to kiss a second lieutenant, but here I was, troubled over Miss Sandbag. I got nowhere. She pulled her rank on me even in my subconscious. Every time my dreams began to get interesting, someone yelled "Tenshun!" and I stood up and saluted. I consoled myself with the old axiom: "'Tis better to have loved a nurse than never to have loved at all." I'd probably have gotten all scratched up on her bars anyway.

Still, I'm feeling low. I guess I got the bathrobe blues.

Fort Riley, Kans. —Cpl. JULIAN CLAMAN



A PAGE FROM A SOLDIER'S SKETCHBOOK —*Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.*

GIG

I have a date with a pile of dirt
  On Saturday afternoon.
And I was going to see a skirt,
  But I made my plans too soon.

I had just put on my cleanest shirt
  When the sarge walked in—the goon.
I have a date with a pile of dirt,
  And so does half the platoon.

Camp Adair, Oreg. —Pvt. A. L. CROUCH

MY DOG TAG AND ME

As I lay down to sleep last night
  I heard my dog tag say:
"Don't worry, I'm your friend, my lad,
  I'm with you night and day,
And if death should ever part us,
  Don't let it make you blue,
For I'll prove that I am faithful
  By going home for you."

Now it's true my dog tag's faithful,
  And goes where'er I roam;
But I sure will do my damnedest
  To beat my dog tag home.

Camp Sibert, Ala.

"And now I never miss anything."
—*A/S Stephen T. Rascoe, Oklahoma City University, Okla.*

The Soft Underbelly of Santa Ana

To the southwest of Santa Ana, Calif., is an Army air base. A Marine camp is on the northeast. Completely outnumbered and hopelessly encircled, the Santa Ana natives have decided to be sensible and take the whole thing good-naturedly.

About 5:30 every evening the marines sweep down from the north. Air Force men simultaneously press upwards along the main north-south highway.

At that hour, the marines and soldiers in town pay no attention to each other. They don't even exchange glances.

If a soldier makes a joke in a soda fountain, the marines never laugh. They pretend not to hear. When marines get loud-mouthed in barrooms, all the soldiers look the other way and smile patiently to themselves.

Lately the MPs have been patrolling the streets of Santa Ana in mixed pairs, one marine MP and one soldier MP. This is an excellent plan—everyone likes to be arrested by his own policeman—yet it may develop certain weaknesses.

But hark! There's a pair of MPs now, walking just ahead of us and twirling their night sticks.

MARINE MP: A pleasant night, but strangely, ominously quiet.

SOLDIER MP: It is indeed. Incidentally, forgive me for mentioning it, Roger, but your tie is slightly disarranged.

MARINE MP: Oh dear. Thanks awfully, old man. Don't look now, but I think there is a soldier coming who is a little out of line. I'll just look the other way while you straighten him out. [*The marine MP pretends to study a drug-store window while his companion straightens out the soldier. Then, as they proceed on patrol, the soldier MP straightens out his night stick.*]

SOLDIER MP: I notice there are a pair of boisterous marines ahead. I'll drop out while you handle them.

MARINE MP: That's very considerate of you, Phillip. [*He talks to the two erring marines while the soldier MP looks off into space, hums a little tune or studies his fingernails.*]

SOLDIER MP [*as they resume patrol*]: My, I'm afraid there's an argument ahead involving both branches of the service. We'd better handle this together. [*Tactfully they separate the debaters, taking care that no one hits on the break and that no advantage is given either organization. By accident the soldier MP brushes against one of the marines in the general confusion. "Take ya hands off me, ya soldier ya!" cries the leatherneck.*]

MARINE MP [*as they continue their beat*]: I'm terribly sorry about that little incident, Phillip. That boy is just back from Guadalcanal, you know, and he's a bit jumpy. And with good cause, I think. Guadalcanal was where the Marines landed first, and then after the tough fighting was finished, the soldiers moved in.

SOLDIER MP: On the contrary, Roger, the Army was called in to mop up, which is the really tough job. Marines are all right in a flash landing, something that's over in a few hours or days. But for really rugged slugging and sustained soldiering they use the Army every time."

MARINE MP [*sharply*]: You are a liar. [*They go at it with night sticks and fists, until a bunch of marines and soldiers finally arrive to separate them.*]

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base

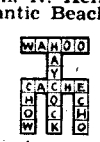
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 31 to 26. Black king is forced 6 to 9 in order to protect the piece on 17. . . . White squeezes 25 to 22. Black is forced 9 to 13. . . . White moves 30 to 25. Black jumps 21 to 30, crowning. . . . White moves 20 to 16. Black king jumps 30 to 23. . . . .White king jumps 19 to 26. Black takes 12 to 19. . . . White moves 3 to 8. Black jumps 4 to 11. . . . White king moves 26 to 30. Black jumps 17 to 26. . . . White king jumps 30 to 23 to 16 to 7 to 14. WHITE WINS.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Winners of Puzzle Kits and their scores in the Tee-Total contest for May 14 are Pfc. D. Lesser, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. (442); S/Sgt. Stanley Bartram, N. Kelly Field, Tex. (440); M/Sgt. Harry Chadis, Atlantic Beach, Fla. (439); Pvt. James Wallace, Camp Blanding, Fla. (438), and Sgt. Harold Byer, Clovis (N. Mex.) AAB; Sgt. Donald Farquhar, Tonopah, Nev.; T/Sgt. Harry Stuart, Camp Crowder, Mo.; Pvt. J. G. Yomner, Camp Pinedale, Calif. (all with 437). Lesser's solution is shown at right.



Since you must have a standard in judging these puzzles, YANK has chosen "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition." Several solutions were ruled out for the use of *wack, wacky, wicky* and *wych*. Webster's doesn't list them. (Lesser's use of *wahoo* is okay; it's the name of a shrub.) *Welch* was ruled out because it is a proper noun. When in doubt about a word, check with the Collegiate. There should be one in your post library. Otherwise try another word.

PHOTO CREDITS: 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. George Aarons. 4—Top, INP; bottom, Acme. 11—Acme. 16—Top left, 20th Century-Fox; top right, Paramount Pictures; bottom left, Columbia Pictures; bottom right, 20th Century-Fox. 17—Top left, Warner Bros.; top right, 20th Century-Fox; bottom left, Columbia Pictures; bottom right, MGM. 22 & 23—YANK staff photographers. 24—Russell Birdwell. 25—Top left, Columbia Pictures; bottom left, Universal Pictures; bottom center, PRO, Fort Sill, Okla. 26—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 27—Sig. Corps. 29—Acme. 31—Top, WW; bottom, AAF, Pecos, Tex.

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SPORTS: ERIC TIPTON, DUKE'S GREAT PUNTER, MAKES THE GRADE WITH CINCINNATI

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Eric Tipton, who was ear-marked for the majors while still an undergraduate at Duke, slides home to score against the Dodgers. Mickey Owen is the catcher and the umpire is Al Barlick.

VAN LINGLE MUNGO and Babe Barna were sunning themselves just outside the Giant dugout when Eric (The Red) Tipton, Cincinnati's new outfielder, stepped up to the plate to take his practice swings.

"You see this guy Tipton," Mungo said. "He was one of the best football players that ever lived."

"How do you know?" asked Barna.

"Because I saw him. That's how I know," Mungo said indignantly. "I saw him beat Pitt almost single-footed to give Duke the Rose Bowl bid in 1938. There was an inch of snow on the field and this guy Tipton kicked a wet ball from the 50-yard line and it went out of bounds on the one-foot line. The next time he punted, the ball went out 18 inches from the goal. Then he kicked one 75 yards and it stopped dead on the goal line!"

"Yeah, and I understand," Billy Jurges interrupted, "that he can kick a football farther than he can hit a baseball."

The truth of the matter is, Tipton can wallop one as far as he can boot the other. When he was wowing them as an undergraduate at Duke, he didn't get all of his distance on booming 80-yard punts. There was more to his power than that. Those were the days when, with the bases loaded and two out, Eric would bang mighty 400-foot home runs and bat .400 consistently every season for the championship Blue Devil baseball team.

Along with Ace Parker, who played the season before him, Eric was one of Duke's greatest athletes. As a sophomore he started coming fast and when he became a senior he had really arrived and so had the Duke football team. That was 1938, the year the Blue Dukes stormed through an undefeated, untied and unscored-on season. Tipton was the boy that made that team go.

Duke wasn't an offensive club. In fact, it had no offense. There was only one swift running back on the squad, a sophomore named George McAfee, and he was side-lined virtually all season with a foot injury. Wallace Wade was forced to play a defensive game, and it turned out to be a great offense.

Tipton and seven other Duke scholars, affectionately known around Durham as the "Seven Iron Dukes," were that "offense." Tipton could kick, tackle and bust up more passes than a blond in a rumble seat. The Iron Dukes were his 60-minute support. They were always down the field talking with the safety man when Eric's high, lazy punts bounced out on the 18-inch line. It was this combination that won the Rose Bowl bid for Duke. Tipton's magnificent kicking in a driving snowstorm kept Pittsburgh backed up so completely that they were actually calling half their signals from behind their own goal line. It was on just such a play that the Iron Dukes smashed through and blocked a punt for the only score of the game.

If Tipton ever had a bad moment for Duke, it was the time when he let Al Kruger, the Southern California end, slip behind him during the last 45 seconds of the Rose Bowl game and grab that desperate pass from Doyle Nave. It brought the roof down on Duke, 7-3. But we doubt if Wallace Wade ever really held that against Tipton. The redhead had been in the game all the way, kicking the Trojans silly, and in those fading seconds of the fourth quarter he was a weary boy standing there in the cool California twilight. Besides, Wade always did believe that Nave-to-Kruger pass was a screen play and that even Tipton couldn't watch a half dozen receivers.

When Tipton finished at Duke it was no surprise that he signed with the Philadelphia Athletics. A lot of people consider this a post-graduate course in baseball for Duke players because so many of them usually join Connie Mack. There was also strong talk of Tipton plunging into professional football with the Washington Redskins. He might have, too, if he hadn't seen what happened to his predecessor, Ace Parker. The Ace nearly killed himself trying to combine the two. He broke both his legs. Instead, Eric signed as assistant football coach at William & Mary.

The jump from the Duke campus to the Philadelphia outfield was too great for Tipton. He wasn't ready for it. Connie Mack sent him to Toronto and Eric soon found his range and became one of the International League's leading fence-busting sluggers. In fact, one day he really did bust open a fence. He was chasing a foul fly when the outfield fence loomed in his path. He kept right on going, ripped open the fence and barged back unhurt with the ball in his glove.

Cincinnati didn't find Tipton—or vice versa—until last year. Deacon Bill McKechnie, who had already blown over a half million dollars trying to fill his left-field position, was losing Mike McCormick to the Army and he was desperate. McCormick was the only man who could do the job. By this time Tipton had moved to Kansas City and made the American Association all-star team. McKechnie thought Tipton would be a natural for the job.

Eric turned out fine for Cincinnati. He's hitting a cool .300 and fielding his position nicely. McKechnie says he's here to stay. He must be. He has a head full of punctured eardrums and he's color blind—a perfect 4-F.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

After spending a year in the infantry getting his weight down, All-American John Kimbrough (left) begins his basic flight training at Pecos, Tex. Here he is with instructor William Kemerling.

Maybe it was because his own team lost, but a sailor at the Norfolk Naval Training Station wrote **Arthur Siegel** of the *Boston Traveler* that he wasn't impressed with the major leaguers now playing at his station. The sailor had just watched the North Carolina Pre-Flight School beat the Norfolk station when he wrote this critical review: "**Dom DiMaggio** is far below par. **Phil Rizzuto** is marvelous and **Benny McCoy** does okay. **Don Padgett** is awfully slow, while **Tom Early** and **Charlie Wagner** do all right. **Pee Wee Reese** of the air station hit into three double plays and I haven't seen him get a hit yet. **Johnny Pesky** of the Pre-Flight School was sleeping. He overran the bag twice and made four errors."

The Army had a look at **Wendell Eads**, the jockey, and said he is not tall and heavy enough to make a soldier. Eads, who once rode Whirlaway, is only 4 feet 10 inches and weighs 106 pounds. . . . Corporal chevrons for lightweight boxer **Ray Robinson** at Mitchel Field, N.Y., and Giant outfielder **Willard Marshall** at the Marine Corps Quartermaster Division in Washington. . . . **Art Pasarella**, the recently inducted American League umpire, divides his time at Camp Grant, Ill., between umpiring ball games and leading the camp band. . . . **Buzz Borries**, Navy's great running back, downed two Jap Zeros during his first five minutes of flying in the South Pacific.

The Army is beckoning **Vernon Stephens**, the Browns' star shortstop; **Tom Lanning**, Pittsburgh pitcher, and **Dick Wakefield**, Detroit's $52,000 outfielder. Lanning tried to enlist in the Navy a few months ago and was rejected because of hay fever. Wakefield, who is only 22 years old, had been in 3-A because his two brothers were in the Army and he was supporting his mother. . . . There's no chance of **Lew Jenkins** testifying in the Dempsey divorce action. He went over the hill at the Norfolk Coast Guard Station and was assigned to a transport for punishment. . . . **Fred Frankhouse**, who threw a jug-handle curve for the Dodgers, Cards and Braves, has turned up as a shavetail at Fort Hamilton, N.Y.

The Army is standing pat on its policy not to allow its soldier-students to compete in intercollegiate sports. Three former football players now in Congress—Representatives **Mike Monroney**, **La Vern R. Dilweg** and **Samuel Weiss**—had demanded a revocation of the Army ban, pointing out that the Navy permits its trainees to participate if it does not interfere with their training. . . . The scores from that GI basketball tournament in the African desert sound more like baseball returns. One game actually ended 5-4, while the highest score of the tournament was 29 points. The boys blame the freak scores on the ball they were using. Regulation basketballs were not available, so they substituted the smaller, lighter English soccer ball.

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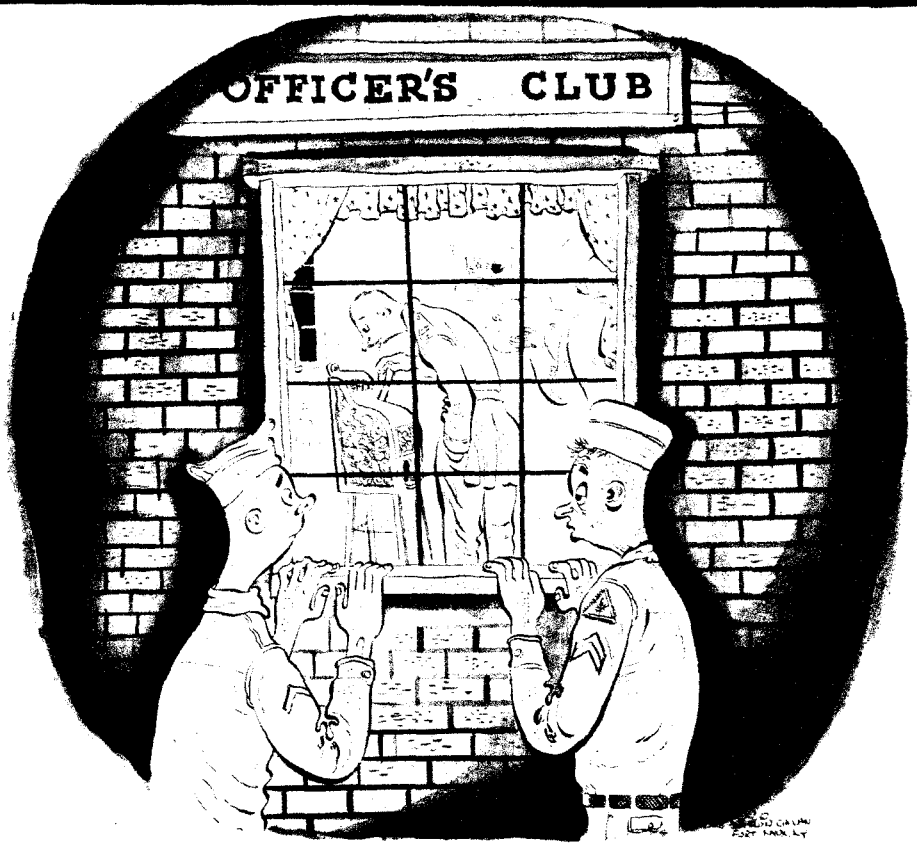
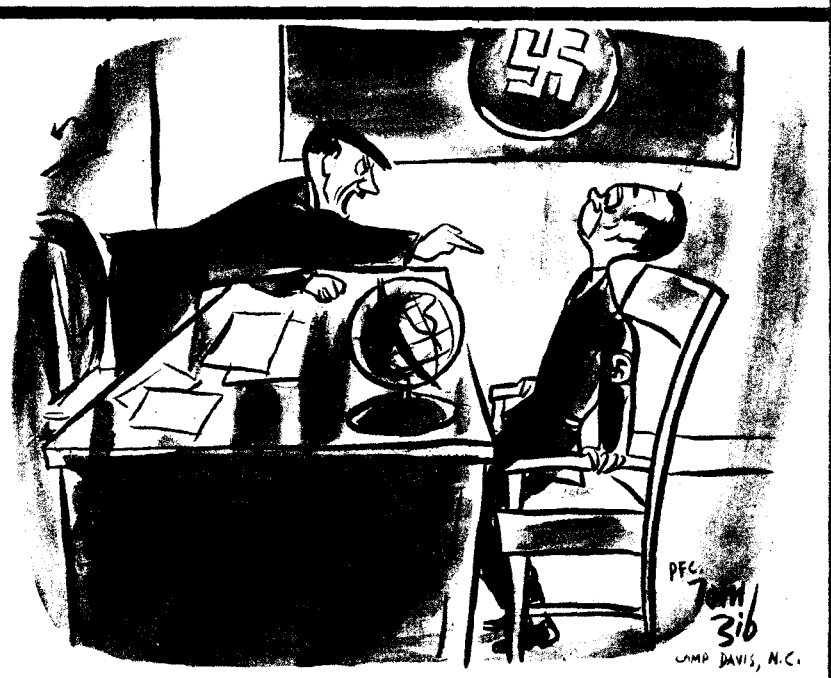


"IF WE WENT TO OCS WE COULD GET INSIDE AND PLAY THE SLOT MACHINE."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky

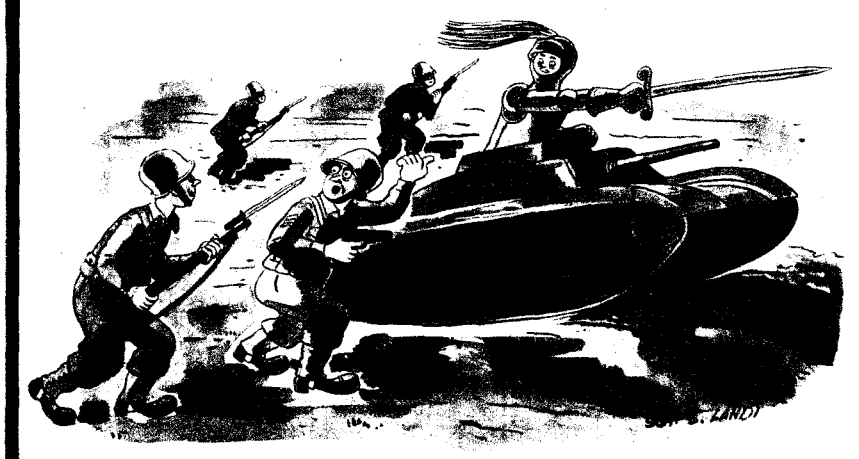
"I'M THE NEW TAIL GUNNER, SIR."
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.

". . . KEEPING ALWAYS ON THE ALERT AND OBSERVING EVERYTHING THAT TAKES PLACE WITHIN SIGHT OR HEARING."
—Cpl. Ned Hilton, WBGH, El Paso, Tex.

"HEY! ANY YOU GUYS GOT A GOOD RECIPE FOR SPAGHETTI SAUCE?"
Sgt. Frank Brandt



"WHY CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING CLEVER TO SAY BACK TO YANK?"
—Pfc. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N.C.



"HE'S BEEN WITH US EVER SINCE WE LEFT ENGLAND."
—Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.

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